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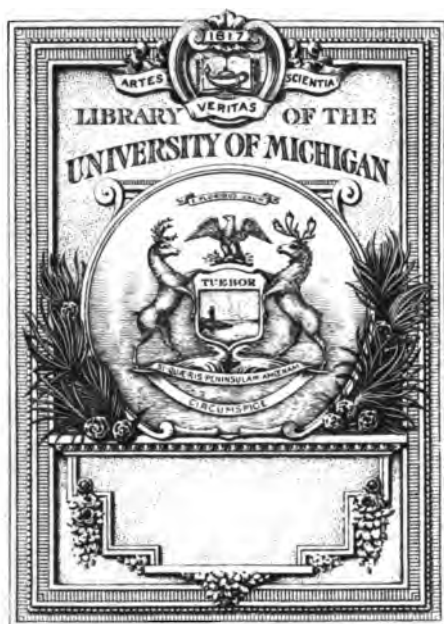
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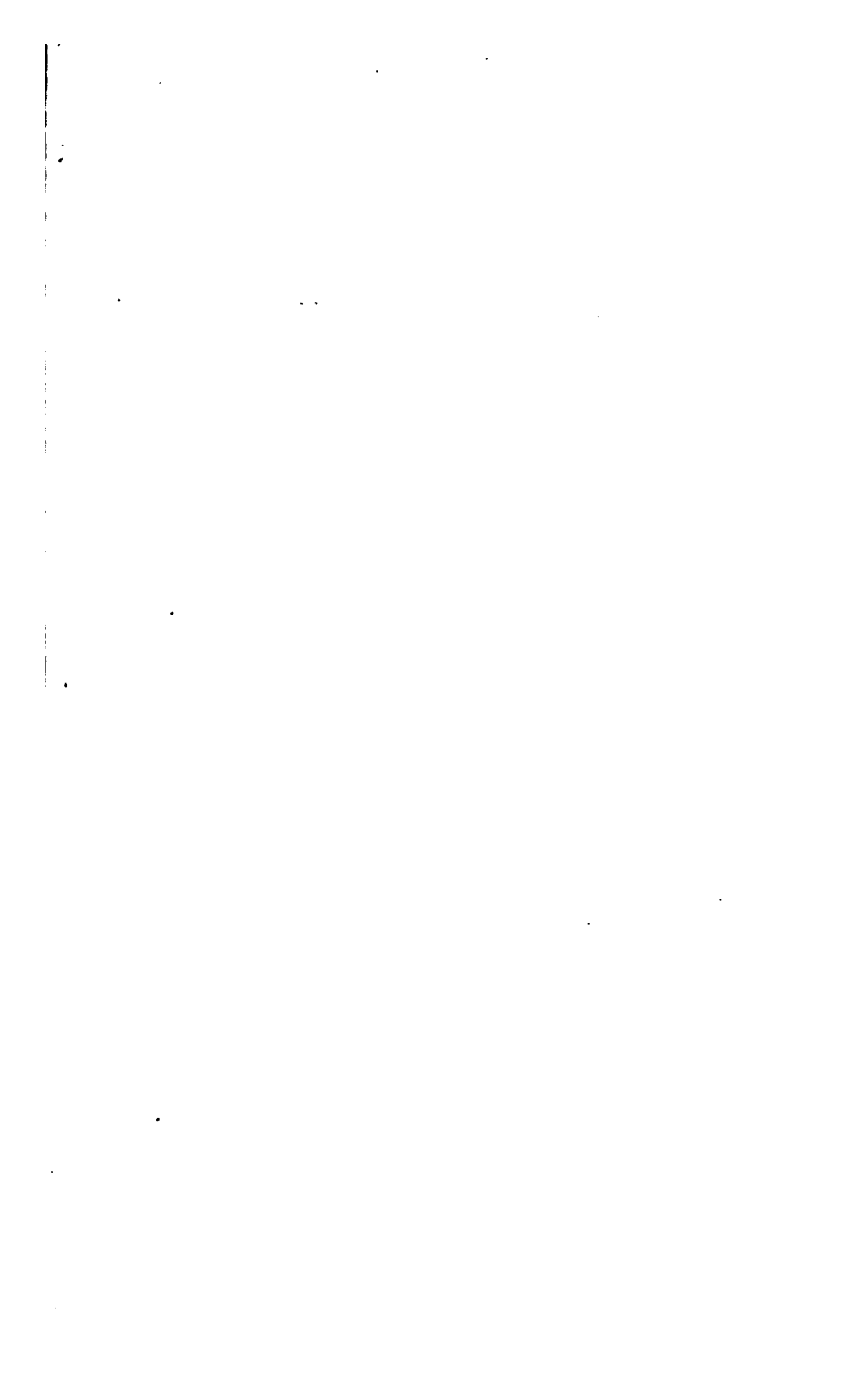
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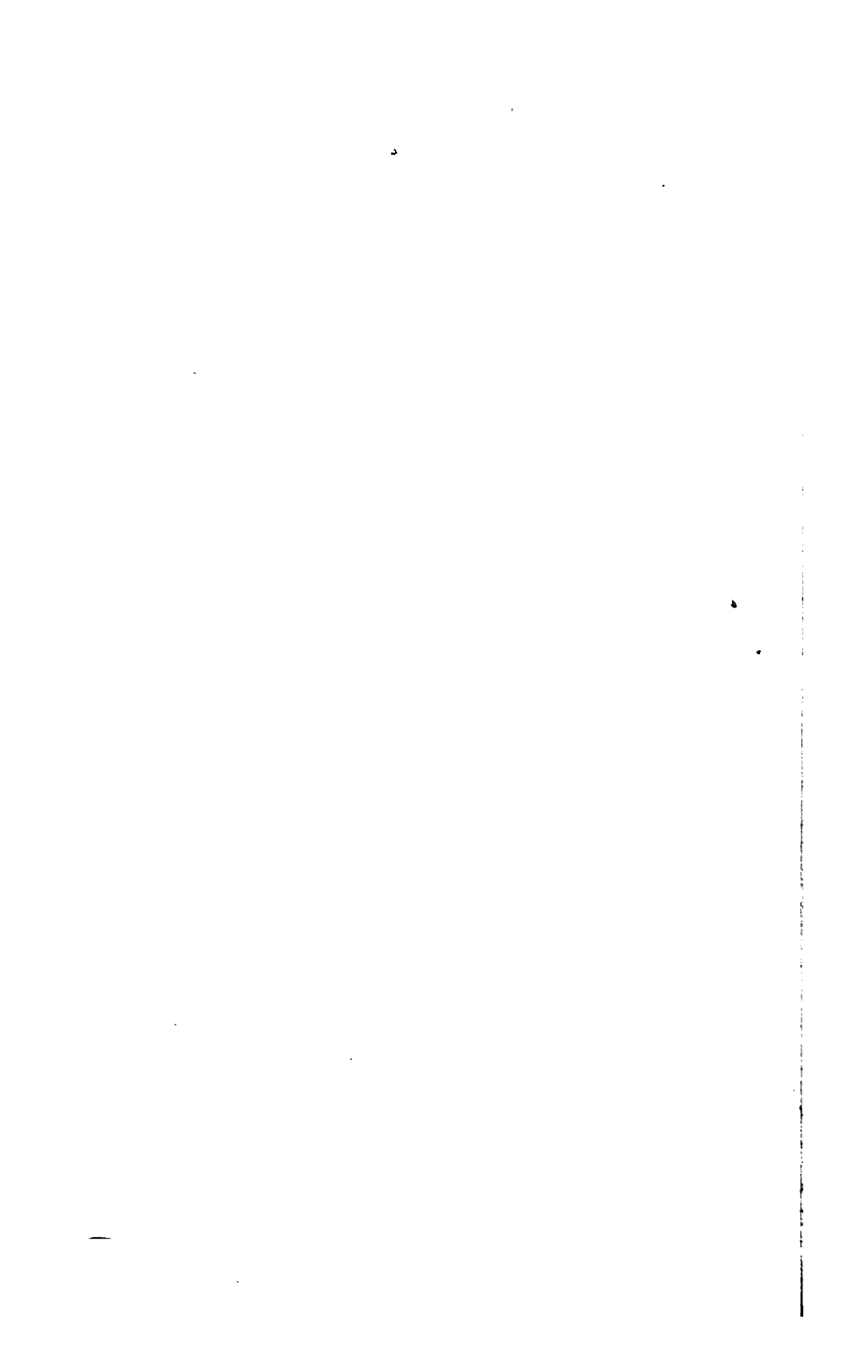
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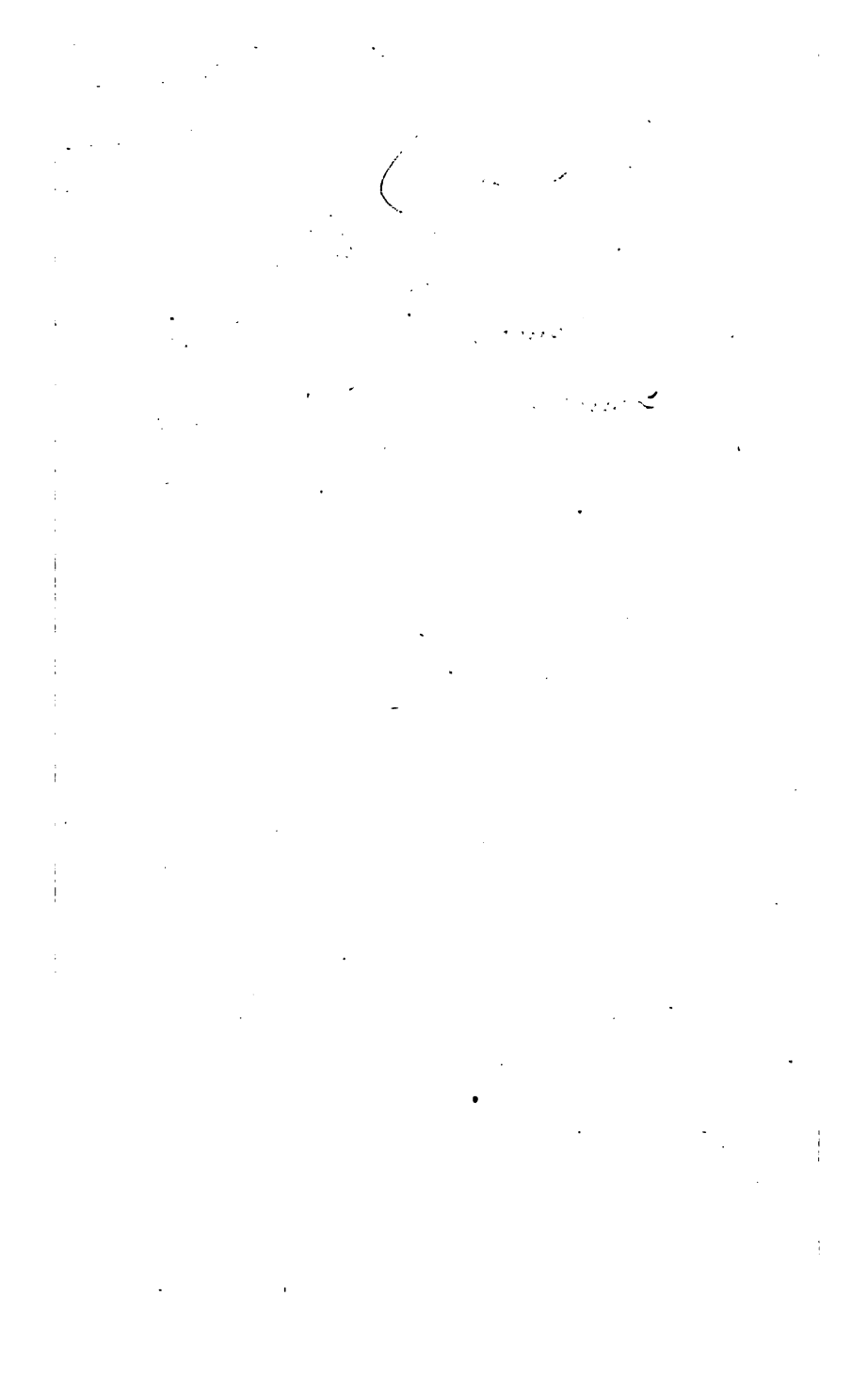
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1753

Symms, William Gilmore

SOUTHERN

PASSAGES AND PICTURES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY
RIVERS," "CARL WERNER," &c.

Wm. Gilmore Symms

NEW YORK:

GEORGE ADLARD, 46 BROADWAY.

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TO
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

WHOSE SONG,
ALWAYS PURE, GRACEFUL, AND BEAUTIFUL,
WHILE IT RECEIVES INSPIRATION
FROM THE HIGHEST, WILL NOT DISDAIN
THE HOMAGE OF THE HUMBLES,
MUSE.

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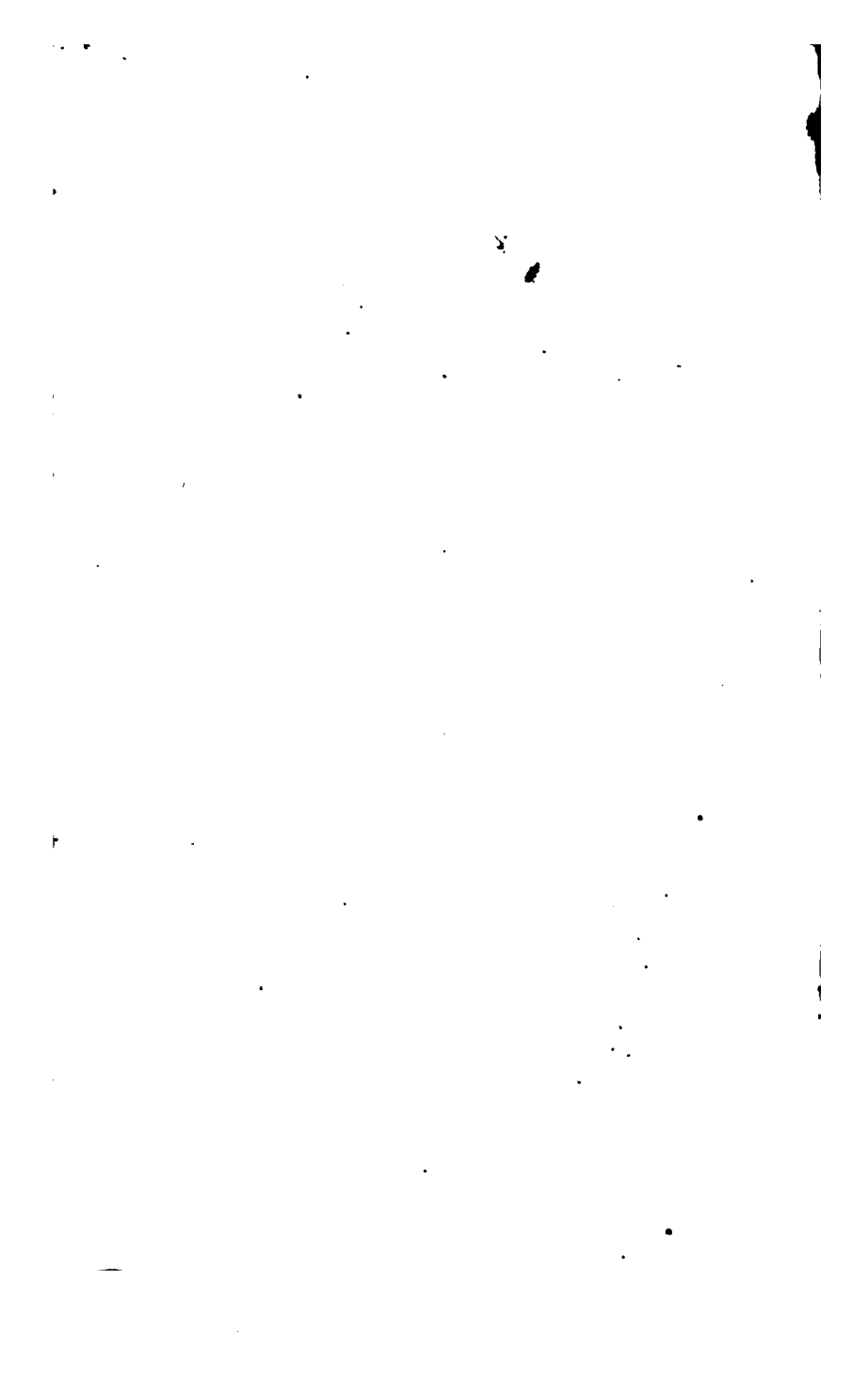
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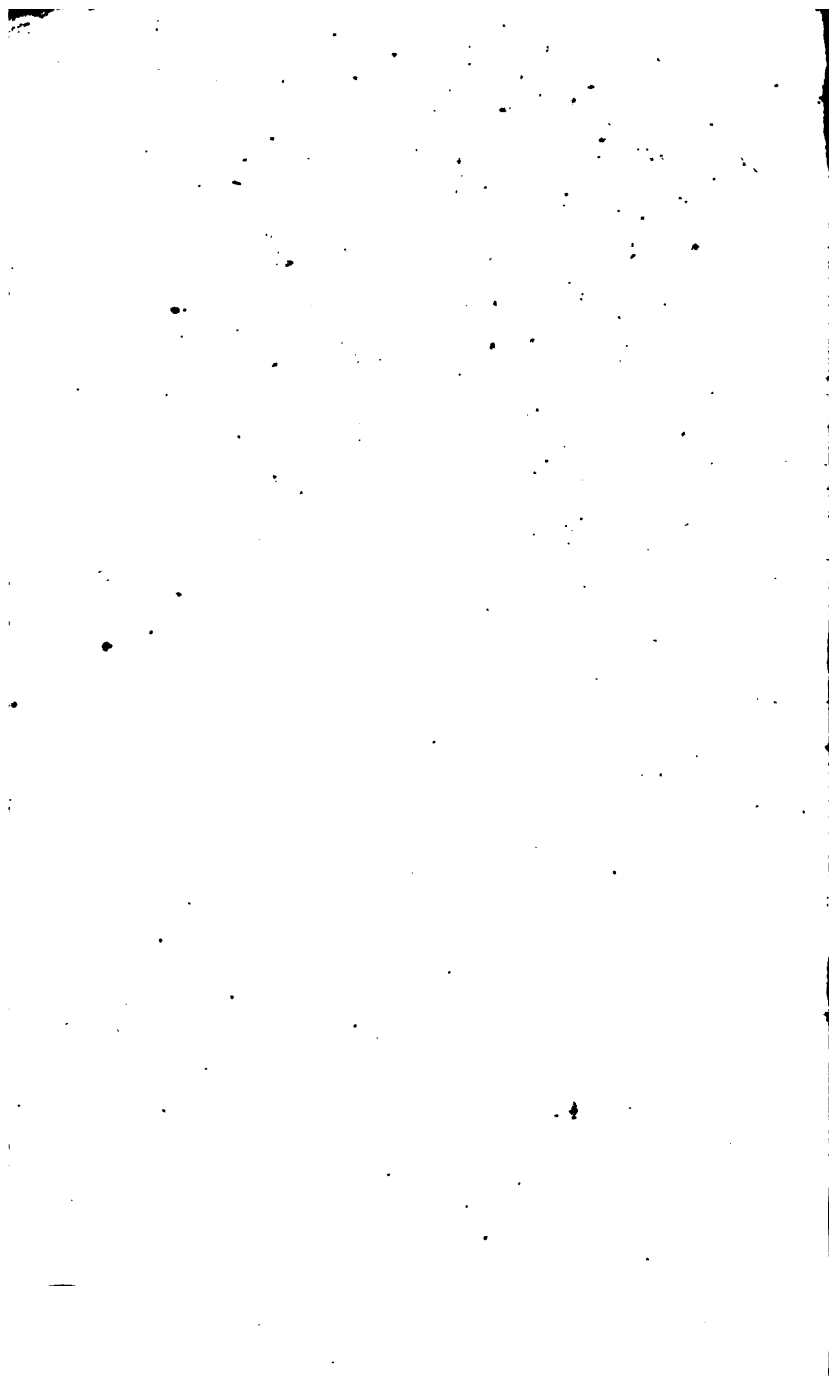
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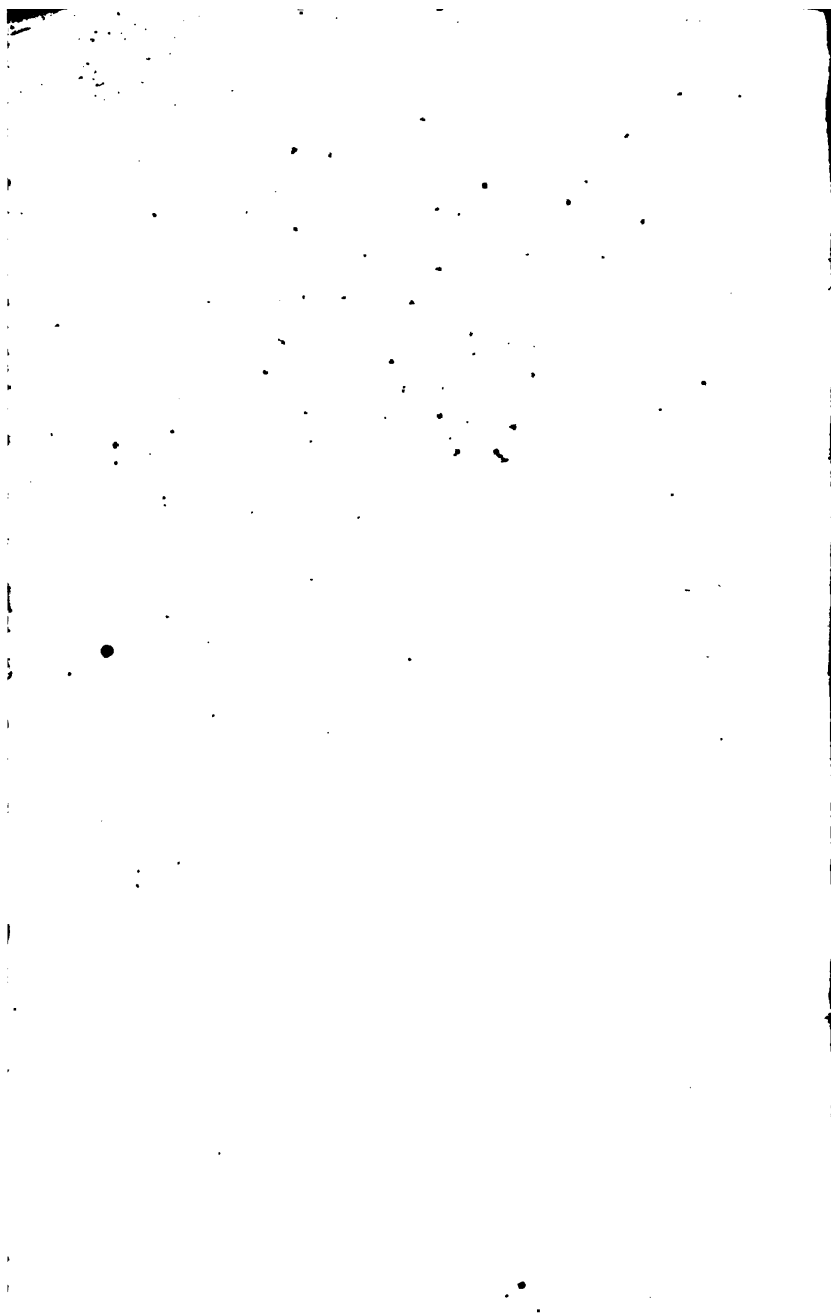
ADVERTISEMENT.

WHILE these pages were going through the press, I received intelligence of the painful illness and death of a dearly beloved child. This event must plead with the reader for any inaccuracies in the volume. He must yield to the father, that indulgence, which cannot so well be demanded by the poet.



SOUTHERN

PASSAGES AND PICTURES.



SOUTHERN
PASSAGES AND PICTURES.

THE BROOKLET.

A LITTLE farther on, there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roofed it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as, upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends,
In a fine showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.

Beside its banks, thro' the whole live long day,
Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
Nor cared to know him better, I have lain ;
With thought unchid by harsher din than came
From the quick thrush, that, gliding through the copse,
Hurried above me ; or the timid fawn
That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink,

And sauntered through its shade, cropping the grass,
Even where I lay,—having a quiet mood,
And not disturbing, while surveying mine.

Thou smil'st—and on thy lip a straying thought
Says I have trifled—calls my hours misspent,
And looks a solemn warning! A true thought,—
And so my errant mood were well rebuked!—
Yet there was pleasant sadness that became
Meetly the gentle heart and pliant sense,
In that same idlesse—gazing on that brook
So pebbly and so clear,—prattling away,
Like a young child, all thoughtless, 'till it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

THERE is a soft haze hanging on yon hill
Tinged with a purple light. How beautiful,
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on
By sad October. Well may he repine,
His dowry is decay :—decay though bright,
And desolate, though bounteous. The sweet green,
The summer flush of love,—the golden bloom,
That came with flow'rs in April—all are gone.
The green is pallid ;—the warm, virgin flush,
That was a maiden glory on the cheek

And in the eye of summer, shrinks away,
To gather on the hill-tops ; — wooing in vain,
The last embrace to sorrowful twilight given,
By the down-vanishing sun : — and the sweet airs
Wail heavily through the branches, while the leaves,
Saddest of mourners ! flung on summer's grave,
Lament her in the silence of true grief !

Ah ! mock me not, that thus I mourn with them —
The sad heart's wisdom is to weep enough !
I hear your lesson, but of what avail ? —
I may not heed it ! Never yet was grief
A fit philosopher ; and all your rules
Teach sorrow, when you teach her helplessness.
What wisdom is 't to tell me that the year
Must have its changes — that all things that live
Are things of change — Death's sickle is put in
To harvest forms that love, not less than forms
That merely live ; — and folly 'tis to mourn,
That the immortal spirit should descend
To not less sudden and sure apathy
Than the poor flowers we tread on !

Happy he,
Who thus may prose o'er nature, and the life
So various, that she scatters on our path.
For mine own part, an orphan child was I,
That had no parents' tendance ! never mine
A sister's lips have hallow'd while they press'd ; —
No brother called me his ; — no natural ties

Embraced, and train'd, and nourished me, in youth :—
And thus, with strong affections, I have sought,
Objects for worship in these solemn groves.
They gave me what I sought — and the pale flow'rs,
And the green leaves, now yellow, at our feet,
Were something more to me than leaves and flow'rs :
They were my kindred ! Now, that they are gone,
I weep them as a loss of family, —
And tread among them with a cautious foot,
And sad, slow step, worn heart, and gloomy brow,
As I were 'mongst the graves of brethren !

SUMMER NIGHT WIND.

How soothingly, to close the sultry day,
Comes the soft breeze from off the murmuring waves
That break away in music—and I feel
As a new spirit were within my veins,
And a new life in nature. I awake
From the deep weight of weariness that fell
Heavily on my frame :—a fresher life
Goes keenly through each limb and artery,
And a new nerve, a livelier sense and strength,
Kindles my languid spirit into play.
Oh, generous nature ! This is then thy boon :
These airs that come with evening—these sweet spells

That steal into the bosom, not to sting,
And speak, not idly, of their affluence.
Let me look forth and win them—let me know
Their soothing ministry. They come—I feel
The odorous breath of evening, like a wing,
Lifting the hair upon my moistened brows,
As if a spirit fanned me. Slowly, at fits,
The wind ascends my lattice, and creeps in,
And swells the shrinking drapery of my couch,
Then melts away around me. Now it comes
Again, and with a perfume on its breath,
Drank up from spicy gardens. The fair maid,
Whose roses thus yield tribute to the march
Of that wild rover, guesses not the thief,
Whose fierce embrace, at midnight, robs them thus,
Leaving them drooping, when she comes at morn,
From their nocturnal amours. Is it not
A gentle providence that thus provides
With odor such as this, the unfavored one,
Who else had never known it? Pleasant breeze,
Misfortune well may love thee! Thou hast fled
The gayer regions. The high palaces,
Fair groves and gardens of nice excellence,
The pride of power, the pomp of pageantry,
That gild ambition and conceal its cares,
Could not detain thee. Thou hast fled them all,
And like some spirit of benignant make,
Hast come to cheer the lonely. It is meet
Thy welcome should be lavish like thyself.
Thou art no flatterer, and thou shouldst not creep

Through a close lattice with but half thy train,
When he would gather all of thee, and feel
Thy energies around him. Sweet, most sweet—
Plaintive and sweet—thy leafy whispering
Sends a glad music to the o'erladen heart,
Jarr'd by long restlessness, and out of tone,
From the oppressive and distempered heat
Of the long day in summer. Sweet the sleep
Thy presence brings me. The o'er troublous thought,
That, like a factious discontent, wrought strife,
And a most wild commotion in the brain,
Is soothed to silence, and forgets its coils;
And the coy slumbers wooed so long in vain,
Are wrapping me at last. I will lie down
Beneath my window: Thou, meanwhile, wilt come
And wave thy wings above my throbbing brows,
And put aside the tangles of my hair
With a mysterious kindness. Then, at morn,
Still watchful of thy charge, thy livelier breath
Will chide my slumbers off, and rouse me up
To life's renewal—the cold carking cares
That gather with its duties and its joys.
Yet, even as now, thy wing will come again,
Laden at night with fairy comforters,
From groves that fling out their unheeded gifts,
That they may woo thee to the same embrace
Thou dost bestow upon me while I sleep.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within —
It was the loveliest picture ! — a fair child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life
From a half-hid and delicate white round,
That seem'd an orb of bliss, and was an orb
Of purity. Its little parted lips,
And rounded cheek, that lay upon the breast,
Even as a young leaf of the parent flow'r,
Were of one color — rich, and warm, and fresh, —
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full, blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world — the little imp,
As if it knew, even then, that such a wealth
Were not for all ; — and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped, and laugh'd aloud, and so, it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek —
Tears, such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy ;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously,
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

M O R A L C H A N G E .

DARKNESS is gathering round me, but the stars,
Silent and unobtrusive, stealing out,
Lend beauty to the night. The air comes cool,
Up, from the fountain; and the murmuring breeze,
Gushing through yonder valley, has a song
Spelling the silence to such mystery
As mingles with our dreams. It is the hour,
When sad, sweet thoughts have sway;—when memory,
Triumphant o'er the past, waves her green wand,
And bids the clouds roll back, and lifts the veil
That had been closed behind us as a wall,—
And the eye sees, and the heart feels and lives
Once more, in its old feelings. I retread
The groves of past affections, and dear hopes,
And dreams that looked like hopes, and fled as well.
This is the spot—I know it as of old
By various tokens, but 'tis sadly changed.—
Men look not as they did; and flowers that grew,
Nursed by some twin affections, grow alone,
Pining for old attendance. Thus, our change,
Brings a worse change on nature. She will bloom,
To bless a kindred spirit; but she flies
The home that yields no worship. She is seen
Through the sweet medium of our sympathies,
And has no life beside. 'Tis in our eye
Alone, that she is lovely—'tis our thought
That makes her dear, as only in our ears

Lies the young minstrel's music, which were harsh,
Did not our mood yield up fit instrument
For his congenial fingers.

It is thus,—

The beautiful evening, the secluded vale,
The murmuring breeze, the gushing fountain, all,
So exquisite in nature to the sense,
So cheering to the spirit—bring me nought
But shadows of a gloomy thought that rise
With the dusk memory—with repeated tales,
Censuring the erring heart-hope with its loss :—
Loss upon loss—the dark defeat of all
The pleasant plans of boyhood—promises
That might have grown in fairy land to flowers,
And were but weeds in this. They did but wound,
Or cheat and vanish with deluding glare :
Having the aspect of some heavenly joy,
They also had its wings, and tired of earth,
Replumed them back for the more natural clime,
And so were lost to ours. Hopes still wrong
And torture, when they grow extravagant—
Youth is their victim ever, for they grow,
With the advancing season, into foes
That wolve upon him. 'Tis a grief to me,
Though a strange pleasure still, thus to look forth,
Watching, through lengthening hours, so sweet a scene,
And winning back old feelings as I gaze.
Boyhood had drawn a picture fair like this
On fancy's vision. Ancient oaks were there,
Giving the landscape due solemnity—

A quiet streamlet trickled through a grove,
And the birds sang most sweetly in the trees—
But then, the picture was not incomplete,
Nor I, alone, as now.

MENTAL SOLITUDE.

THE bells are gayly pealing, and the crowd,
The thoughtless and the happy, with light hearts,
Are moving by my casement :—I can hear
The rude din of their voices, and the tramp
Of hurrying footsteps o'er the pavement nigh,
And my soul sickens in its solitude.

Each hath his own companion, and can bend,
As to a centre of enlivening warmth,
To some abode of happiness and mirth ;—
Greeted by pleasant voices,—words of cheer,
And hospitality,—whose outstretched hand
Draws in the smiling stranger at the door.
They go not singly by, as I should go,
But hanging on fond arms. They muse not thoughts
Of strange and timid sadness, such as mine ;
But dreams of promised joys are in their souls,
And, in their ears, the music of kind words
That make them happy.

I, alas !—alone,
Of all this populous city, must remain,
Shut up in my dim chamber,—or, perchance,
If I dare venture out among the crowd,
Will be among, not of, them ;—and, appear,—
For that I have not walked with them before,
Nor been a sharer in their festivals,—
As some strange monster brought from foreign climes
But to be baited with the thoughtless gaze,
The rude remark, cold eye, and sneering lip,
'Till I grow savage, and become, at last,
The rugged brute they do behold in me.

Talk not to me of solitude !—Thou hast
But little of its meaning in thy thought,
And less in thy observance. It is not
To go abroad into the wilderness,
Or dart upon the ocean ;—to behold
The broad expanse of prairie or of wood,
And deem,—for that the human form is not
A dweller on its bosom,—(with its shrill
And senseless clamor oft, breaking away
The melancholy of its sweet serene,
That, like a mantle, lifted by the breath
Of some presiding deity, o'erwraps,
Making all mystery and gentleness,)—
That solitude is thine. Thy thought is vain !—
That is no desert, where the heart is free
To its own spirit-worship ;—where the soul,
Untainted by the breath of busy life,

Converses with the elements, and grows
To a familiar notion of the skies,
Which are its portion. That is liberty!
And the sweet quiet of the waving woods,
The solemn song of ocean — the blue skies,
That hang like canopies above the plain,
And lend their richest hues to the fresh flow'rs
That carpet its broad bosom, — are most full
Of solace and the sweetest company!
I love these teeming worlds, — their voiceless words,
So full of truest teaching. God is there,
Walking beside me, as, in elder times,
He walked beside the shepherds, and gave ear
To the first whispered doubts of early thought,
And prompted it aright. Such wilds to me
Seem full of friends and teachers. In the trees,
The never-ceasing billows, winds and leaves,
Feathered and finny tribes, — all that I see,
All that I hear and fancy, — I have friends,
That soothe my heart to meekness, lift my soul
To loftiest hope, and, to my toiling mind,
Impart just thoughts and safest principles.
They have a language I can understand,
When man is voiceless, or with vexing words
Offends my judgment. They have melodies
That soothe my heart to peace, even as the dame
Soothes her young infant with a song of sounds
That have no meaning for the older ear,
And mock the seeming wise. Even wint'ry clouds
Have charms for me amid their cheerlessness,

And hang out images of love and light,
At evening, 'mong the stars, — or, ere the dark
That specks so stilly the gray twilight's wing,
With many colors sweetly intermixt : —
And when the breezes gather with the night,
And shake the roof-tree under which I sleep,
'Till the dried leaves enshroud me, then I hear
Voices of love and friendship in mine ear,
That speak to me in soothing, idle sounds,
And flatter me, I am not all alone.

Darting o'er ocean's blue domain, or far
In the deep woods, where the gaunt Choctaw yet
Lingers to perish ; — galloping o'er the bald
Yet beautiful plain of prairie, — I become
Part of the world around me, and my heart
Forgets its singleness and solitude.
But, in the city's crowd, where I am one
'Mongst many, — many who delight to throw
The altar I have worshipped in the dust,
And trample my best offerings, and revile
My prayers, and scorn the tribute, which I still
Devoted with full heart and purest mind
To the all-woeing and all-visible God,
In nature ever present — having no mood
With mine, nor any sympathy with aught
That I have loved ; — 'tis there that I am taught
The essence and the form of solitude —
'Tis there that I am lonely ! — 'mid a world,
To feel I have no business in that world ;
And when I hear men laughing, not to join,

Because their cause of mirth is hid from me :—
To feel the lights of the assembly glare
And fever all my senses, till I grow
Stupid, or sad, and boorish ;—then return,
Sick of false joys and misnamed festivals,
To my own gloomy chambers, and old books
That counsel me no more, and cease to cheer,
And, like an aged dotard, with dull truths,
Significant of nothings, often told,
And told to be denied, that wear me out,
In patience, as in peace ;—and then to lie,
And watch the lazy-footed night away,
With fretful nerve, that sorrows when it flies !—
To feel the day advancing which must bring
The weary night once more, that I had prayed
Forever gone ! To hear the laboring wind,
Depart, in melting murmurs, with the tide,
And, ere the morn, to catch his sullen roar,
Mocking the ear, with watching overdone,
Returning from his rough lair on the seas !

If life be now denied me ;—if I sit
Within my chamber when all other men
Are revelling ;—if I must be alone,
Musing on idle minstrelsy and lore—
Weaving sad fancies with the fleeting hours,
And making fetters of the folding thoughts,
That crush into my heart, and canker there ;—
If nature calls me to her company,
Takes up my time, teaches me legends strange,
Prattles of wild conceits that have no form,

Save in extravagant fancy of old years,
When spirits were abroad ;—if still she leads
My steps away from the established walks,
And, with seducing strains of syren song,
Beguiles my spirit far among the groves
Of fairy-trodden forests, that I may
Wrestle with dreams that wear away my days,
And make my nights a peopled realm which steals
Sleep from my eyes, and peace ;—if she ordains
That I shall win no human blandishment,
Nor, in the present hour, as other men,
Find meet advantage :—she will sure provide,
Just recompense—a better sphere and life,
Atoning for the past, and full of hope
In a long future, or she treats me now,
Unkindly, and I may not help complaint.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

AN aged man, whose head some seventy years
Had snow'd on freely, led the caravan ;—
His sons and sons' sons, and their families,
Tall youths and sunny maidens—a glad group,
That glowed in generous blood, and had no care,
And little thought of the future—followed him ;—
Some perch'd on gallant steeds, others, more slow,

The infants and the matrons of the flock,
In coach and jersey,—but all moving on
To the new land of promise, full of dreams
Of western riches, Mississippi-mad!
Then came the *hands*, some forty-five or more,
Their moderate wealth united—some in carts
Laden with mattresses;—on ponies some;
Others, more sturdy, following close a-foot,
Chattering like jays, and keeping, as they went,
Good time to Juba's creaking violin.

I met and spoke them. The old patriarch,
The grandsire of that goodly family,
Told me his story, and a few brief words
Unfolded that of thousands. Discontent,
With a vague yearning for a better clime,
And richer fields than thine, old Carolina,
Led him to roam. Yet did he not complain
Of thee, dear mother—mother still to me,
Though now, like him, a wanderer from thy homes.
Thou had'st not chided him, nor trampled down
His pride nor his ambition. He knew thee not,
As I, by graves and sorrows. Thy bright sun
Had always yielded flowers and fruits to him,
And thy indulgence and continued smiles
Had made his pittance, plenty. Yet he flies
To a wild region, where the unploughed fields
Are stagnant with their waste fertility,
And long for labor. His were sparkling dreams,
As fond as those of boyhood. Golden stores

They promised him in Mississippian vales,
Outshining all the past, atoning well—
So thought he idly—for the home he leaves,
The grave he should have chosen, and the walks,
And well known fitness of his ancient woods.
Self-exiled, in his age he hath gone forth
To the abodes of strangers,—seeking wealth—
Not wealth but money! Heavens! what wealth we give,
Daily, for money! What affections sweet—
What dear abodes—what blessing, happy joys—
What hopes, what hearts, what affluence, what ties,
In a mad barter where we lose our all,
For that which an old trunk, a few feet square,
May compass like our coffin! That old man
Can take no root again! He has snapped off
The ancient tendrils, and in foreign clay
His branches will all wither. Yet he goes,
Falsely persuaded that a bloated purse
Is an affection—is a life—a lease,
Renewing life, with all its thousand ties,
Of exquisite endearment—flowery twines,
That, like the purple parasites of March,
Shall wrap his aged trunk, and beautify,
Even while they shelter. I could weep for him,
Thus banished by that madness of the heart,
But that mine own fate, not like his, self-chosen,
Is not less desolate, and to me more dread.

There is an exile. 'Tis not when one goes
To dwell in other regions—from his home

Removed by the deep waters. Change of place
Is seldom exile. Thus it has been called,
But vainly. There's another banishment,
To which such fate were gentle. 'Tis to be
An exile on the spot where you were born;—
A stranger on the hearth which saw your youth,—
Banish'd from hearts to which your heart is turn'd;—
Unbless'd by those, from whose o'er-watchful love,
Your heart would drink all blessings:—'Tis to be,
In your own land—the native land whose soil
First gave you birth; whose air still nourishes,—
If that may nourish which denies all care
And ev'ry sympathy;—and whose breast sustains,—
A stranger—hopeless of the faded hours,
And reckless of the future;—a lone tree
To which no tendril clings—whose desolate boughs
Are scathed by angry winters, and bereft
Of the green leaves that cherish and adorn.

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'Tis a wild spot and hath a gloomy look;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with pow'r to taint,
With blistering dews, the thoughtless hand that dares

To penetrate the covert. Cypresses
Crowd on the dank, wet earth; and, stretched at length,
The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
Slumbers, half-buried in the sedgy grass,
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him..
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
In silence, to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile,
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flow'rs and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vex'd, the pluméd citizen
Flies, with an hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flow'rs:—but seeks in vain—
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs,

That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,—
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed,
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet,
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

COTTAGE LIFE.

It is a quiet picture of delight,
This humble cottage, hiding from the sun,
In the thick woods. We see it not 'till now,
When at its porch. Rudely, but neatly wrought,
Four columns make its entrance—slender shafts—
The rough bark yet upon them, as they came
From the old forest and dame Nature's hand,
Who did not grudge her gift. Prolific vines
Have wreathed them well, and half obscured the rind,
Unpromising, that wraps them.—Crowding leaves
Of glistening green, and clustering bright flowers,
Of purple, in whose cups throughout the day
The humming bird wantons boldly, wave around,
And woo the gentle eye and delicate touch.

This is the dwelling, and it is to me
Quiet's especial temple. No rude sound
Breaks in upon time's ancient ordering;
Save the occasional mill clack, and the hum
From yonder bee tree—the still busy tribe,
Lightening their labors with a song of thrift,
Harmonious with the good wife's spinning wheel.

I know not what may move me to the thought,
But I do think, that life might glide away,
Nor feel itself at parting—cloistered here
In calm seclusion from the bustling world,
Untroubled by the doubt and the despair,
The intrusion, and the coil of crowded life ;—
Soothed, when the erring pulses do beat high,
With the sweet catches of the vagrant birds,
That, perching on your eaves, win you away
Into the stillness of more gentle thoughts.

The woods at morn have life—the winds at eve,
Play, whispering at the shutter—stealing in,
To counsel slumber—waving o'er your couch
Their leafy winglets, strewing the blossoming airs
Won from the forests they have all day swept !
The skies—I know not why, but, in the vale,
Secluded thus, and o'er our cottage roof—
Wear a perpetual face of gentleness,
Smiling in sunshine — and when clouds are there,
They come as seasonable friends to bring
The unobservéd showers, that freshen all,

Yield life and verdure to the drooping plants,
And bid the young and shrinking flowers rejoice.

The hills are natural tombs, and we shall sink
Quietly, in their bosoms, at the last,
Nor leave our homes less peaceful. The soft hands
Of the twin-sister seasons, shall unite
To bend the green shrubs o'er our graves in turn —
And then we know that spring will bring her flowers,
And, like a maiden who thus mourns her love,
Plant them above our silent resting place.

THE UNQUIET SPIRIT.

MIDNIGHT!—and I am watching with the stars —
Can ye not let me slumber for awhile,
Ye roving thoughts—and thou, unquiet mood,
Still active, wandering through infinity,
All times and nations, changes, destinies,
With sleepless soul, and discontented gaze,
Finding no place of rest? Can ye not spare,
To the o'er-wearied votary, one pause
From the sad spirit's vigil? Must he still,
Climb the precipitous height, and with no guide
Save the fond watchers, twinkling in the heavens,
And the stern instinct, into which resolved,

Ye do compel the labor, hurry him on,
Weary, and with no recompense, to gain
The solitary chaplet of sad flow'rs,
But little valued, which a stranger hand, —
When I am dead, and those who knew me once
Miss me no longer from the crowded way, —
Will place, perchance, upon my humble grave ?

This is the trophy, and for this I toil ! —
Yet am I proud among my fellow men,
And strive with him whose aim is greatly bent
For the sole column ; — and with marvellous dread
Shrink from each middle perch of eminence.
And, in my chamber, when the world is still,
And those who were most ready in the strife,
Have sunk to sweet repose, — wakeful, I ask,
Does my ambition, then, but strive for this
Poor honor, — which no present hand bestows,
And the far future, like some tardy steed,
Brings, when too late, and only brings in vain ?
And is it such poor victory, which now
Keeps me from slumber — makes the violent pulse,
And the full veins upon my forehead, swell
With aimless tumult, while the unsettled heart,
Now bounding with keen hope, desponding now,
Yearns for some other state, some wider range
For action, and some truer sympathy ?
Is it for this, I ask, ye gentler sprights
Which tend upon the discontented soul,
That the still night, with its sad, twirling stars,

Still rises on my gaze, while all beside
Are, in the dwellings of sweet dreams, at rest ;
And even the bird that, pendant from my roof,
Murmur'd, erewhile, at intervals, his song
In wand'ring catches, wild, and more than sweet,
Has sought his cover in the mazy wood.

My spirit and my reason are not one,
They do rebuke each other. With the one
The world is full of glowing images,
And life abounds in honors, and strong hearts
Bend to the lofty sway, and gentle eyes
Look forth a pure encouragement, more dear,
And it may be, though not so thought by men,
More full of worth and value than the rest.
'Tis thus that fancy, ever won with dreams,
Portrays its triumphs—until reason comes,
And with stern accents and unbending brow,
Experience at her side, proclaims them all
Shallow and profitless—things far beneath
The sober and strong estimate of sense.

I fear me she is true. I have not lived,
Untaught by my own being, and the toil,
The battle for existence. Yet, I feel
There is a triumph beyond reason's scope,
And out of her domain. The spirit feels
Its urgent nature, which, though dash'd with care,
Is still a medicine that "physics pain"—
A golden draught, more potent than of old

The alchemists, through years of toil pursued,
Wearing out life, in idle search of that
Which should preserve it. If I must look forth,
Watching yon sad but lustrous galaxy,
Counting their many and divided lights,
Despatching thought on missions unto them,
And lingering for response,—I shall not fear,
Thus, in the eye of heaven, to urge my claim,
To those same thick sown fields of glorious life,
My heritage—on which my spirit turns,
With a most natural instinct, which approves
Its right, and justifies its high demand—
Our future dwelling place, to which, my soul,
Like one unjustly disinherited,
Still looks, though vain, and cannot cease to look.

THE SHADE TREES.

God bless the hand that planted these old trees,
Here, by the wayside. While the August sun,
Sends down his brazen arrows on the plain,
They give us shelter. Panting in their shade,
We gaze upon the path o'er which we came,
And, in the green leaves overhead, rejoice!
Far as the eye may reach, the sands spread out
A granulated blaze, pain the dim sense,

And vex the slumberous spirit, with their glare.
Like some o'erpolished mirror, they give back
The sun's intenser fires. The green snake writhes
To run along the track—the lizard creeps,
Carefully tender, o'er the wither'd leaves,
And shuns the wayside, which, in early spring,
He travelled only ;—while, on the moist track,
Where ran a small brook out, a shining group
Of butterflies, fold up their wearied wings,
Mottled with gold and purple, and cling close
To the dank surface, drawing the coolness thence
Which the gray sands deny. A thousand forms,—
Insect and fly, and the capricious bird,
Erewhile, that sang so gayly in the spring
To his just wedded partner,—forms of life,
And most irregular impulse,—all seem press'd,
As by the approach of death ; and in the shade,
Hiding in leafy coverts and dense groves,
Where pines make natural temples for fond hearts,
And hopeless mourners,—seem in dread to wait
Some shock of nature. Summer reigns supreme,
With power like that of death ; and here, beneath
This most refreshing shelter of old trees,
I hear a murmuring voice from out the ground,
Where work her agents ; like the busy hum
From out the shops of labor, or, from far,
The excited beating of an army's pulse,
Mix'd in some solemn service.

'Twas a thought,
Of good, becoming ancient patriarchs,

Of him who first, in the denying earth,
Planted these oaks. Heaven, for the kindly deed,
Look on his errors kindly! He hath had
A most benevolent thought to serve his kind,
And felt, in truth, that principle of love,
For the wide, various family of man,
Which is the true religion. Happy, for mankind,
Were such the toil of most who clamor much,
And mouth in sacred texts,—vexing the heart
With disputation. Better far to seek
The distant wayside, and with kindly hand,
Sink deep the shade-tree's roots, whose friendly leaves
The pilgrim blesses, while he blesses them!

HATTERAS.

“By these soft breezes—by the odorous breath
From groves of pine—I know that we have past
The stormy cape!” Exclaiming thus, I leapt,
From the close cabin to the deck, with speed,
And there,—his wrath subdued, his ire at rest—
Lay the fierce god of cloudy Hatteras,
At length, along the deep. Our vessel ran
Beside him, fearless; and the forms that oft
Had trembled at the story of his storms
Look'd on him without dread. Yet, in his sleep,

The sun down-blazing on his old gray head,
There was a moody murmur of his waves,
That spoke of ruthless powers, and bade us fly
To our far homes, with wings of moving fear,
Not less than hope. We might not loiter long,
Like thoughtless birds, improvident of home,
And wand'ring, by the sunlight still seduced,
O'er treacherous billows. No half-despot he,
To spare in mercy in his wrathful hour.
A thousand miles, along his sandy couch,
The shores shall feel his wakening, and his lash
Resound in thunder. Brooding by the sea,
He lurks in waiting for the pressing bark,
And every year hath its own chronicle
Of his exactions. Cruel is the tale,
Of the poor maiden shrieking in despair,
Grasped in his rude embrace, and perishing,
Ere yet she lived. Yet love survives his wrath,
And in the night of terror and of storm,
When his fierce winds were howling,—when the ship
Was sinking 'neath them—a fond voice was heard,—
A husband—by the billows torn away,—
That called upon the woman who had lain
Upon his bosom—"Where art thou, my wife?"—
And then the voice grew silent—the rude waves
Stifled the speech; yet not before the wife
Made answer to his ears,—a sweet response,
That waken'd them in death,—“I come to thee—
I come to thee, dear husband—where art thou?”

She sprang to join him, and the swollen seas
Closed over them in death. It is my prayer,
That, ere he perished, she had wound her arms
About him, and had pressed her lip to his :—
And it were fitting that, beneath the waves,
They sleep, encircled in the same embrace—
Her cheek upon his bosom, and his arm
Wrapped round her in the holy grasp of love,
Secure from storm, and, best assurance yet,
Secure from separation evermore.

THE SICK CHILD.

I HAD been, many nights, a watcher, nigh
The bed of one I loved. Sickness had come,
And laid a heavy hand upon her form ;
And, for the delicate tints of her fair cheek,
Most like a leaf in softness, had bestowed
An ashy shade like death. " And she must die !"
Said those who stood beside her ; but my heart
Chafed at the dire decree, though filled with fears,
And said unto itself, " She must not die !"
Yet, while it spoke thus confident, mine eyes
Swam in their tears,—a coldness at my heart,
Clung, heavy with ill-omens. Skill, in vain,
Seemed to administer, and kindness spoke,

No longer, in the soothing tones of hope,
Beguiling grief with comfort. Still we gave
The hourly medicine, though some that came,
Reproach'd us for the toil, which carried pain,
And promised to the sufferer no relief.

The mother of the infant drew not nigh,
But, in a corner of the room apart,
She sat, and leaned her head against the wall;
And said no word, and ask'd for no report,
And dreamed, and dreaded, what we dared not say!
But, ever and anon, her eyes would turn,
Without an impulse, on the unmeaning face
Of that young child; and with as dull a gaze
Out-stared the malady that preyed on life,
Too lovely for low earth, and yet too frail
For its endurance. Gazing thus, as if
Her soul had shrunk to marble, there was speech,
Yet, in her sorrows. Slowly in her eyes,
Gathered big tears, that froze upon the cheek,
Where no one hope had refuge. It was well
She had no farther action in her grief,
Else had the infant perish'd. She was wild,
Wild with the dread of that impending wo,
Already felt in fear. Madness, that brings
Blessed oblivion of o'erwhelming truth,
Had been to her a boon—had saved her all
That death of apprehension, which, of all,
Is the worst form of death. Yet, though shut out,
As by a veil, all knowledge, all design,

Life, action, hope—all capability
To succor, where she ever prayed to save—
Still the one dreadful agony, untouched,
Grew to a double in her soul, and took
Acuter form and feeling from the rest,
In their suspension. Nothing did she know,
Nothing she saw, nought felt, but that one grief!—
And while she nothing asked, nor cared to know,
And her words wanted all intelligence
Of the calm reason and deliberate rule,
Her anguish, far too strong for idle speech,
Or a more idle show, swelled in her heart,
And choked her utterance, and left her dumb!—
Speaking, when heard, in faint and broken sounds
Unsyllabled in language. Had the death
Stood up, and bade her save the babe by speech,
She had not spoken! Vainly had she striven
To give the nourishing draught to the poor child,
She had been glad to die for.

There it lay!—

Affection's idol,—now disease's toy;
And many were the watching friends that came
To shorten the long night, and cheer it on.
The infant was beloved;—and I have seen,
When she was yet in bloom, and ere disease
Had blighted the sweet promise of her cheek,
Fond strangers press it as they pass'd her by—
And parents, gray with years, have linger'd oft
To note in her some well-known lineaments

Of a beloved one, cut away in youth,
That was a blessing, bright and beautiful,
Like her, and with a glory of the spring,
Mocking all blight of time ; and then they gave
A tribute to her beauty, in the tear
They shed for the beloved one which was lost.
How could they else than deem her bright and fair,
With eyes of such pure light, with such long hair
Shading the morning freshness of her cheek,
As the bright leaves the crystal brook that sings
When the sun glows in April—golden hair
In infantine luxuriance, streaming down
Her smooth and snowy shoulders.

She had grown
Beneath mine eye, and it had been my task
To portion out her labors ; and each day,
When from my toils I came, 'twas she who still,
First, at the entrance met me, prattling out
Her baby lessons, as at conquests made
Over new realms and subjects—and, as now,
She lay before me—to our anxious eyes
The victim of the pestilence, that like
Some fierce and flaming despot, struck at all,
The old and young alike, and struck not twice :—
With a stern mood, my heart its reckoning made,
Summed up the vast of its expected loss,
And, for the first time, shrunk in grief to know
How deeply it had cherish'd her. And now
That she lay sick, how did I look in vain

For all her idle prattle, which had grown —
So slight the source of human happiness, —
To a familiar union with my want,
Which reft of, I was lonely ; — and I pray'd
That God might spare the little innocent,
To bless us with its laughter ; — and he did !

TAMING THE WILD HORSE.

LAST night he trampled with a thousand steeds
The trembling desert. Now, he stands alone —
His speed hath baffled theirs. His fellows lurk,
Behind, on heavy sands, with weary limbs
That cannot reach him. From the highest hill,
He gazes o'er the wild whose plains he spurn'd,
And his eye kindles, and his breast expands,
With an upheaving consciousness of might.
He stands an instant, then he breaks away,
As revelling in his freedom. What if art,
That strikes soul into marble, could but seize
That agony of action, — could impress
Its muscular fulness, with its winged haste,
Upon the resisting rock, while wonder stares,
And admiration worships ? There, — away —
As glorying in that mighty wilderness,
And conscious of the gazing skies o'erhead,
Quiver for flight, his sleek and slender limbs,
Elastic, springing into headlong force —

While his smooth neck, curved loftily to arch,
Dignifies flight, and to his speed imparts
The majesty, not else its attribute.
And, circling, now he sweeps, the flow'ry plain,
As if 'twere his—imperious, gathering up
His limbs, unwearied by their sportive play,
Until he stands, an idol of the sight.

He stands and trembles! The warm life is gone
That gave him action. Wherefore is it thus?
His eye hath lost its lustre, though it still
Sends forth a glance of consciousness and care,
To a deep agony of acuteness wrought,
And straining at a point—a narrow point—
That rises, but a speck upon the verge
Of the horizon. Sure, the humblest life,
Hath, in God's providence, some gracious guides,
That warn it of its foe. The danger there,
His instinct teaches, and with growing dread,
No more solicitous of graceful flight,
He bounds across the plain—he speeds away,
Into the tameless wilderness afar,
To 'scape his bondage. Yet, in vain his flight—
Vain his fleet limbs, his desperate aim, his leap
Through the close thicket, through the festering swamp,
And rushing waters. His proud neck must bend
Beneath a halter, and the iron parts
And tears his delicate mouth. The brave steed,
Late bounding in his freedom's consciousness,
The leader of the wild, unreach'd of all,
Wears gaudy trappings, and becomes a slave.

He bears a master on his shrinking back,
He feels a rowel in his bleeding flanks,
And his arch'd neck, beneath the biting thong,
Burns, while he bounds away—all desperate—
Across the desert, mad with the vain hope
To shake his burden off. He writhes, he turns
On his oppressor. He would rend the foe,
Who subtle, with less strength, hath taken him thus,
At foul advantage—but he strives in vain.
A sudden pang—a newer form of pain,
Baffles, and bears him on—he feels his fate,
And with a shriek of agony, which tells,
Loudly, the terrors of his new estate,
He makes the desert—his own desert—ring
With the wild clamors of his new born grief.
One fruitless effort more—one desperate bound,
For the old freedom of his natural life,
And then he humbles to his cruel lot,
Submits, and finds his conqueror in man!

NIGHT WATCHING.

How still is this night's solitude—how calm
All the dim nature round. I hear no voice
From out this populous city—see no light
Beckoning from well-known dwelling of my youth,
To some gay hearth and laughing company.
Alone, among the stranger, I am sad,

Seeking familiar forms I may not find,
And sorrowing in that bondage of the clay
That checks the spirit's flight to its own home,
Beyond the heaving waters. There, my child,
Plays in the summer flowers, that, while they glow,
Have lurking death beneath them—Pestilence
Walks thither in the noonday; and the airs,
Balm breathing, from the bosom of the night,
Are tainted with the fever gale that reeks
From the rank gardens and o'erteeming fields,
That yield the proud man plenty. God of Heaven,
Be with that child in mercy. Guard her well,
With thy o'erwatchful blessings. Shield her breast
From sudden night winds;—from her red lips drive
The hovering fever. Be thy pitying love
Before her innocent bosom, that, no more,
Her father's arm may shield—his watchful care
Protect by human providence—his love,
Die for, if such the sudden need, when wrong
Strikes at the imploring trembler, which it does
When peril seems least present. Here, afar,
My knees are bent to thee—my proud heart sinks
In pray'r,—the big tears gather in my eyes,
And, with a deep humility that feels
Its weakness, thinking on that child of love,
My soul implores thy blessings on her head,
In smiles that bring her body health—her mind
Ripeness and purity, that she may bloom,
Worthy of life and happiness and thee.
The city is around me, but its strifes
Are hush'd to silence. What a god is sleep,

That can so chain the faculties of men,
The fearful moods, the restless energies,
So busy and so turbulent awhile,
Some three hours past, and now so sternly still,
It seems some eastern city of the dead.

Where is the artisan whose hammer clink'd
On the fire-darting anvil through the day?—
The pedler, who was vaunting o'er his wares,
His worldly wealth about him—rich withal?
The tradesman, conning o'er his daily sales
With eager lip, and eye upon the watch,
Not to be over-bargain'd?—where the youth,
Anxious for honor and distinction, won,
By noisy declamation in the crowd,
About the forum?—all are sunk in sleep!
Sleep, the subduer of the sick man's pulse,
Bringer of pleasant dreams and airy thoughts,
That while away the fever'd toils of earth,
And give a bounding impulse to the blood,
Distemper'd by the noise-oppress'd brain!
Thou second part of life, that art a death,
Refitting for a newer start in life,
And nerving with a freshness, all but me!

In vain I look upon the pensive night,
That hangs her silver crescent in the sky,
Gather'd on fleecy folds, that edge the blue
Of her vast, wild, pavilion'd canopy,
And wears it, as a warrior does his shield,

Unstain'd by dark device, or mortal dint,
And pure and spotless as a vestal's heart,
Upon the hour she gives herself to God!
There is no breath to waken up the leaf,
That sits within my window—all is still—
And how oppressive grows that stillness now!
I cannot sleep. A spirit at my head,
Though, with the day's fatigue, my form is faint,
Keeps me from slumber. Thought, undying thought,
That dost pervade life's farthest wilderness,
Why may I not repose with those who take
These grateful slumbers. Wherefore, in my soul,
Still would'st thou sound the silvery cord that trills
With hope of life—the sensible, true life
Of immortality and consciousness,
That is forever present in my dreams,
And bears me with a meaning impulse on,
Spite of the rough adventure of the time,
The jostle of far-sighted emulation,
To look beyond myself, and fondly dare
Converse with high intelligence, and powers
Beyond man's frail existence!

Do the stars

Shine forth with fuller loveliness to me,
That thus I wake to watch them? Is the moon
Peculiar in her gaze to-night?—her smile
Sleeps on my very couch, and by my side—
And in the imperfect brightness of her glance,
Fantastic forms and shadows from her light,

Glide through the chamber, and, with fancy's aid,
Grow human, and solicit me to speech.
And now, a silvery train is drawn afar,
Like a faint thread upon the utmost verge
Of the dun sky—as if it would unite
The earth I wake on, and the heaven I watch.
It is the star of my nativity—
What wonder I should wake to watch it then,
With a deep fixedness—a strong desire,
To gather, from its seeming, all my hope—
Ambition's hope—far fitter gods than men—
Which lives unto the peril of the life
That is my mortal being—wearing away,
Consuming as a night-lamp, dim, untrimm'd,
The frame and sinews of the nerveless form,
The forest boor had laugh'd at—Lo! afar,
It shoots along, and sheds, in its lone flight,
A rich and tremulous lustre. Does it wake,
In sympathy with me, alone, among
Its starry train of rich intelligences,
As I, among my fellows of the earth—
Restless alike?—and should ambition dwell
So high above the mortal part of life?
Yet was it said, ere this, in ancient time,
When gods were on the earth, in guise of men,
And men, in action, rivall'd the high gods,
That, 'twas the quality of heaven, and so
Became transmitted to the humbler race,
With whom they lightly mingled; and to whom,
They gave such sad inheritance of pride,

High reaching, strong desire, and boundless want,
Love of far rule, undying thirst of praise,
And power that never sleeps, but seeks for sway
Through peril, and foul circumstance and blood—
Heedless that pain and death are in the gift,
Though coupled with high honor! — fatal gift —
That saps the springs of life, of love, of peace,
Eats out the heart with a concealéd fire,
And leaves the desolate frame, self-blasted, thus,
By its own raging spirit overthrown,
E'en on the summit of its towering hopes.
Oh! what is fame, that I should darken youth—
The fresh attire of morning—the gay sun,
Of my young destiny, that shone so fair,
With watching thro' the night—the sweet, long night,
That fills my eyes with gentle drops, to see—
Sweet, though they flow from out the fount of tears,
Upon my heart, like dews upon the flow'r
In Hermon's valley! Doth to it belong,
Acknowledgment 'mong men, in words, whose tone,
Like music, offers to the moody soul,
Whose watchfulness is madness?—No, alas!—
Nor Time himself, shall evermore retrieve,
The life that I have lost! Yet, be this told,
In after years, when, at my fireside blaze,
No chair shall be in waiting for my form,
No eye to smile at my unlooked approach,
No welcome mine;—and from the mossy stone,
The imperfect characters which love hath traced,
Are trodden out by time—though he hath failed

To gain the planet's burning eminence,
With the high fires that he so oft hath watch'd,
The spirit was within him, and he strove,
Unqualified by base desire or deed,
Most nobly, though, perchance, he reach'd them not.

SILENCE.

THE desert hath its pyramid, and there,
Silence is sovereign. Mighty is his throne,
Untroubled his dominion, unassailed,
By clamoring subjects. The invader there,
Is spell-bound at the threshold, and grows fix'd,
And, with uplifted finger to his mouth,
Stills his rebellious voice, and glides through groves
That answer to the summons of his gaze,
By tokens that awaken him to thought,
Forgetful of vain words that baffle it.
He is the saddest despot, and his realm
Is older even than time, for he was born,
And had full sway, and all the attributes
Of most unlimited rule, ere time was born,
And he shall sway, when, from the tomb of time,
The universal consciousness shall spring,
In which time is not. 'Till that dawning hour,
No voice shall speak for his secluded realm,

Or yield a tongue to that abundant life
That 's now locked up in shadow—deep in groves,
Pale groves, that sleep in mystery secure,
Still guarded by our fears. But, rising then,
A moving thing of wonder and of life,
Bright in the place of the decaying sun,
He shall have language, and his lips shall break
The spell that seals them down. His song shall wake
Ten thousand songs beside, and then shall be
The second birth of light. The truth revealed
Shall speak with myriad voices, yet cold ears
Shall drink no sounds—shall hear no breathing words,
Such as are uttered from elaborate lips
And by the violent spirit. In his sway,
The soul shall find its happiest harmonies,
And, such the symmetry of his perfect tones,
Our dreams shall have a life, and eyes shall drink
Knowledge from other eyes. A worship now,
In this secluded forest, shall impart
Dim shadowings of that empire, and the light
That makes his kingdom. Hither, when I rove,
At twilight, do the glimmerings lead me on,
And, in a moment's consciousness, that seems
Most like a spirit's whisper, do I feel
The embodied silence, which still beckons me,
'Till the thick woods grow round me like a wall,
And the o'erclosing trees become a roof,
And so, my temple. With bow'd head and heart
I've worshipped in that temple, at his feet,
For, in the wilderness, where selfish man

Comes never,—germinated in the sacred groves,
The old groves of dim ages, he was there,
And awed me like a god. Solemnly, then,
I bow'd my soul within me, and gave up
The tone of my low thought, and straightway felt
The holier spirit. Never yet before,
Stood I, in such a presence. Solitude—
The eternal calm and quiet of the earth,
The whisperings and vague twilight gleams that crept
Through the close tree tops, and the murmurs there
Full of divinest harmony—o'ercame
My humbled nature ; and I bow'd me down,
Even on the little hillock where I stood,
And, as the light winds rose, and, here and there,
Shook down a leaf from off the bending pines,
I could but deem that silence, that sad god,
Detach'd with gentle hand those yellow leaves,
In token of his melancholy sway.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THERE was a goodly barque, that, from her home,
Went freighted on the deep. A noble freight,
Fond hearts, brave spirits, and a fearless crew,
And loveliest woman, that proud vessel bore,
And she went forth in sunshine. Pleasant winds

Bore her, with gentle sounds most musical,
Cutting the lifted seas, that kept a peace
Of treachery, and whispered not of storms,
Lurking in wait, like savage foes, that smile
In moment of their stroke. If a cloud lay
Along that vessel's track, it lay in light,
A picture for the eye. They had no fear,
They that were in her,—and three days went by
In trust and sunshine. Inconsiderate mirth
Laugh'd out, and youthful maidens sang aloud,
'Till the rude sailor, charm'd against his toils,
Forgot his long experience of the seas,
And thought of wreck no more.

But, the fourth day,
There was a sudden change upon the deep,
That groan'd in all its hollows. Night rose up
In anger. Wild and sheeted shapes of cloud
Came trooping fast to follow in her wake,
And do her bidding. Faintly, in her halls,—
As fearing to be seen, and faltering still,
Amidst the scowling of those ruffian forms,
That, like rude boors, wine-swill'd and insolent,
Would intercept her path of purity,—
The pallid moon stole forth. With trembling step
She struggled through the gloomy clouds that rush'd
In fierce delight, on wrath-intending wing,
And jostled in their flight. But, vain her toil,—
She faints at last—is swallowed up in storm,
And the fond eyes that watch'd her from that barque
Now look for her in vain. A pitchy mass

Hangs, brooding, like a dusky conqueror, down,
Above, and shadows all her lovely face.

And wilder grows the tempest, louder yell
The winds ; — and, goaded by their vigorous lash,
The billows, madly plunging, like the bull
Press'd by the hunter on Peruvian plains,
Toss their huge limbs on high, and foam with rage.
Man strives — proud man — brave man ! — and woman
cheers,

Sweet woman ! — and her prayers are for his strength,
And his strength for her safety ! — But the deep
Is clamoring for its prey. Upon the sea
A terrible spirit rides, and rules the rest,
And laughs with equal scorn at woman's pray'r
And man's endeavor. In white foam he sits,
A tri-formed giant. From one hand he slips
The mounted winds, that spurn the curb, and leap,
Trampling the raging waves, and laughing wild
In their excess of might. Another flings,
Uncheck'd, the engulphing waters ; — from a third
He frees the rock that grows beneath the keel,
And rends its ribs asunder. Thus, he rules
The elements of storm — the winds, the seas, —
And from the unfathomable caldron there,
Where haggard night, a sullen witch, presides,
He waves his ministers forth. Ready, they rise,
And, terrible in their promptitude, set out,
Like unleash'd fury with her thousand whelps
Bred by the gnawing famine. Wing after wing,
A cloud of measureless forms that whirl and wheel,

Like night-born vultures, darting through the void,
Make it a populous world, where terror strives
With danger, and grows fearless from despair !
The seas rage in their caverns of the deep,
And its green hollows gape. God keep that ship,
Toss'd like a shell, and the poor souls that strive,
And shriek, within her ! Her tall, taper masts,
That were so lovely in their loftiness,
What can they now against the giant wings
That strain upon them ? Now they bend, they break,
And into splinters dash'd, strew the wild waves
That hurry them from sight. The billows grow
Like angry demons to colossal bulk,
Until they touch the clouds ;—and now they fall
Upon the wretched hulk that lies a wreck
On the black waters. Through her sides they rush,
And in their wantonness they lift her high,
As the strong wrestler lifts his yielding foe,
To dash her into pieces. But she springs
Once more above them—mounting them, as still
With all her wonted energies endued,
She could assume the sway, as oft before
Her buoyant prow maintain'd it ;—but in vain :—
They rise, they gather fast,—they press her down,
And rage in fierce delight, as glad to bow
That noble crest, erewhile, that moved along,
Their monarch, and, in beautiful disdain,
Queen'd it, in state, above them.

Never more
Shall she thus queen it. The rebellious waves

Have risen upon their ruler. The wild steed
Hath hurl'd his rider down—hath trampled him,
And bounds away, in the fierce consciousness
Of his new power of flight. The pale moon
Comes forth, that late was shrouded. Her sweet orb
Shall be no more a beautiful isle to those,
Heart-hoping and heart-sick, the gay, the proud,
Watchful and weary, light o' thought and sad,
That moved along the deck of that proud ship
Late speeding o'er the waters like a god.
The raging seas, thrown off, once more ascend,
Gaining from opposition double strength,
And climb her painted sides, and break away
Her bulwarks, and rush through her secret hold,
With greedy rage that knows not to consume,
And only to destroy, Troop follows troop—
The last retreat is won,—yet still they strive,
They that are in her;—but a mother's shriek
That follows her lost child, she following too,
Proclaims the struggle over. The black wings
Of the grim tempest settle on her brow,
And the gaunt winds grow palpable, and sweep
Resistless o'er her deck—meeting the seas
That roar in the embrace. A moment more,
A single moment, that despair may see,
And madden in the sight—and all is done.
Fear shrieks in agony, and horror gapes,
Incapable of strife. Man looks around,
As seeking means of flight; while woman clings
To man, and childhood chides parental love,

That will not save it. Hope, that linger'd long,
Flies shrieking with the winds, — and down she sinks,
That shatter'd barque, as one, who, long fatigued
By aimless struggle, yields at last to fate,
Resign'd — nay, almost glad, — that all is o'er.
God! what a cry was that! a living death
Spoke in it, and the roaring winds grow still —
They have no agony to match with that,
And cower in silence while it passes by.

There shall be weeping for that fated barque! —
Sad eyes shall watch to hail her loitering sails,
And strain themselves to redness when they see
Some white cloud, resting, with a dusky edge,
On the gray foam of ocean. They will watch
That sweet delusion, till it fades at last,
Like the fond hope it cherish'd for awhile,
To crush forever.

Brightly the young day
Leaps from his saffron couch, and shakes his hair,
Sprinkling the east with pearly drops that turn
To gold beneath his smiles. The tempest sleeps
Among the fragments of that broken wreck,
With all his cruel agents, calm and still,
Like some fierce conqueror that lays him down
Upon the battle-field, among the dead,
And slumbers 'mid the ruin he has wrought.
No sign of wrath! — still as the gallant ship
That men will look for with expectancy,

And find a broken spar that was a mast, —
Dreaming at night, they see her homeward bound,
With a rich cargo of choice spices stored,
And gentle spirits wafting her with breath
Of most impatient hope. Dream on, dream on!
The gallant ship is lost with all her crew,
The gold of her brave hearts is in the deep,
Her spices perfume, and her silks invest
The giant limbs of ocean when he sleeps.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

NATURE and freedom ! These are glorious words
That make the world mad. Take a glimpse at both,
Such as you readily find, when, at your ease,
You plough the ancient military trace,
From Georgia to the " Burnt Corn " settlements —
Or, higher up, if, happily, you speed,
Where the gaunt Choctaw lingers by the swamps
That fence the Yazoo, or the Chickasaw
Steals his hog nightly from the woodman's close,
And gets a furlough from all service thence,
In a keen bullet at an hundred yards. —
— Uplift thy glass, and tell me what thou seest.

A screaming brat that lash'd upon his board
Hangs rocking in the tree — the dam beneath,

A surly drudge that never once looks up,
But hills and hoes her corn, as if her soul
Lay clamoring there for sudden and strong help,
And perish'd in her pause—an ugly cur,
Mangy and most unclean, that, yelping, runs
For shelter at our coming—two green skins
That clothed the brown deer of the woods last night,
Wrapped now about the oak, beneath whose boughs,
Their owners browsed at evening, ere the tribe
Sent the young hunters forth—and lo! a group,
Women and children, in that happy state,
Ere Adam wove his fig leaves, and became
A tailor for the nonce—that round one hole
Bend down, clay digging for their pots and pans,
The baking fire at hand—and then the huts,
They fill the background—linger not to look,
Or, in rebellion, justified of man,
Our nostrils will rise up and nullify.
A more legitimate picture for good taste,
And the heroic, basking in the sun,
Behold the chiefs—five warriors of the wild,
That may be sung in story—vigorous men,
Ready for strife and trial, scalp and stroke,
But monstrous lazy. There is “Turkey Foot”—
Not slow to run;—Achilles-like, his heel
Is sadly mortal. There’s “Flat Terrapin,”
No runner he, I ween. A braver man
Than the “Gray Weasel” never sought the fight,
But then he loves fire water, and even now,
Not scrupulous to meet the stranger’s eye,

See, his head dangles from the unsinew'd neck,
And bobs from side to side. The "Crooked Path,"
A double dealing rogue as ever lived,
Looks like a cutpurse, and among the tribe
Such is his high renown. No counsellor
Can deal with him in subtle argument,
No fox-like politician double so,
In getting round the wild "cape positive,"
To channel "non-committal;"—happy he,
To steer between those breakers "yes" and "no,"
Yet leave no furrow on his sinuous path
As guide point to a troublous enemy.
Last of this group, behold old "Blazing Pine,"
Though but a pine knot now. His seventy years
Have all been tasted, yet his limbs are strong,
And bear him still in the chase. His keen eye
Not often fails to mark—his steady hand,
Still sends the bolt, with most unerring stroke,
Into the brown deer's flank.

These warriors brave
Will all be drunk by night. The sober now,
Drunk with the drunkest. The already drunk,
Mad—looking for their weapons in the dark,
Beating the winds, the walls, striving with trees,
And one another—impotent but fierce,
And foaming with the fury unappeased—
Till, in their madness, with their emptied bottles
They'll break the old squaw's head, and she will fly
Howling for vengeance. She will swim yon stream,

Her blood still streaking, as she scuds along,
The wave that washes 'gainst her shattered scull.
Seeking for safety 'mong her kindred tribe
Of the "Mud Turtles," she will head a war,
And they will lose their scalps with infinite grace
To one another. War, with its long train
Of toils and injuries, will rive their fields,
Destroy their little maize crops and frail towns,
And leave them starving. Want will then produce
The peace that came not with prosperity,
And they will link their arms, and, in small groups,
Steal nightly over to the opposite shore
And rob the squatter's farm yard. Cows and calves
They 'll drive across the stream The young corn
They 'll burst from its green column, and the pigs —
They barbacue as well at an Indian camp
As at a white man's muster. What comes next?
The squatter goes against the savages,
And drives them — a most sad necessity,
Much mourned by modern-mouthed philanthropy —
Into yet deeper forests. Five years hence,
And the foul settlement we gaze on now
Will be a city of the paler race,
Having its thousand souls. Churches will rise,
With taverns on each hand. To the right, see,
A gloomy house of morals, called a gaol,
And, from the town hall, on the opposite square,
You yet shall hear some uncombed orator,
Discourse of freedom, politics, and law,
In tones shall make your blood bound, and your hair

Start up in bristles. Turning, you shall see,
"Flat Terrapin," "Gray Weasel," and, perchance,
The aged "Blazing Pine,"—all christians now,
Cowering, bewildered, 'mong the heedful crowd
Which hangs delighted on the patriot's words—
Heedful, delighted, drunk as any there !

REPININGS.

"My brother !" said before me a sweet maid,
Who looked a sister's feeling from her eye,
And thereupon I wept ; — for I had none,
Brother nor sister — and my way of life
Hath been among the hills, and where the waste,
Sandy, and like the ocean-plane spread out,
Pains the sick eye with gazing. I, alas !
Have known no brother's, felt no sister's love,
Drank fondly of no blessings, such as make
A cottage fireside a home like heaven,
Where all is peace and truth. Yet less I've sought,
Of love, than of permission but to love, —
The right to choose from out the hurrying crowd
My thing of worship. I have none to love —
None for whose single good my heart may hope —
None for whose choice delight my form may rove,
Bringing home dearest treasures. Mine hath been

The life of want that sister had supplied —
The other self, — most sweet, most singular,
To whom, as to an altar of high thought,
My heart, when otherwise denied, might turn,
Secure of comfort. You may hold it weak
That thus I wept, hearing that maiden call
The youth that stood beside her. But, I had given
Worlds had she called me thus. Had she but placed
Her arm upon my own, — looked in my face
With that dear smile of confidence, and said
“My brother,” I had proudly made her thence
My deity, and she had fill’d my heart,
Forever more, its soul and sovereign.

THE INUTILE PURSUIT.

LABORS he then for nought, who thus pursues
What you misdeem a vision? Does he build
Vain fancies only, warm delusions, up,
And profitless chimeras; — still deceived, —
Cheating himself with hopes, which haply cheat
None other than himself? Are these his toils, —
And you who work in more substantial ways,
And vex the seasons, man, all elements,
In multiplying gains — you are more wise,

And laugh to scorn the fool whose idle aim,
Like the warm painter of his own bright hues,
Enamored — would impart to things around,
The glories that are growing in his heart,
And kindling up his fancy into flame.
His are vain follies, but can yours be less,
And what are their delights? I will not ask —
But yon wild dreamer gazing on the stars
As if they were his kindred, what are his?
He gazes on them long, with musing mood
That thinks not once of earth. His spirit flies
Afar, on eagle pinions—he hath lost
The world which is around him—he hath gain'd
The world which is above him, and he feels
A mightier spirit working in his soul
Than thou hast ever dreamed of. He hath thoughts,
That yield him strength and life—a treasury
In which thy gold is dross; and could'st thou give
Thy thousands in the barter, they could buy
No portion of the empire he hath won
In the fond thought he strives in. He hath felt
That life should have due play, and every nerve
Susceptible of consciousness, should do
Its separate function, ministering to the whole,
Or you have never lived, or lived in vain —
Having quick feelings, generous taste and blood,
At waste, or rioting, or unemployed
And damming up the system they should move.
You see no charm in those mysterious lights,
And hold the worship madness, which bestows
No worldly profit. Thou hast yet to learn

The things of highest profit to the heart,
Are never things of trade. 'Twould be thy shame,
Star-gazing like yon dreamer, to be seen
By brother tradesmen. They would jeer thee much
With alehouse humor; and their truculent wit,
Would bring the creature blood into thy cheeks,
And thou wouldst feel among thy brother men
As thou hadst done some crime, and for awhile,
Would shrink from the relation of thy deeds.
He thou rebukest in no kindly wise,
Has no such shame within him. In that star,
He hath surveyed this hour, he joys to think
He looks on God's own handiwork, and deems,
So far as he may venture on such theme,
The structure of that planetary light,
Marvellous as his own, and born to shine,
When he, and thou, and all of us are dead!
Thence does he draw a hope — a glorious hope —
That this poor struggle — thou, for earth's goods and gear,
And he, as thou hast thought, grappling at nought,
But fancies and a shadow — will not be,
What his quick spirit tutors him, is life.
The difference 'twixt his hope, and thine, is great,
If thou hast never tutor'd thus thy heart,
Nor felt of these delusions. He, indeed,
Lives on them ever — is made up of them,
And glories more in that thou think'st thy shame,
Than any Greek who won a hecatomb,
Or Roman with his triumph. Nor in this
Alone, gathers he fuel for the mood

That lessons his wild spirit. In all things,
For the vain labor thou dost so deplore,
Mind has its compensation. Ideal worlds,
Where spirits of departed myriads roam,
Are in the poet's fancy. He surveys,
In every leaf, each waving tree and bush,
Wild ocean, or still brooklet, rippling down,
Through twigs and bending osiers, night and day,
The form of some enjoyment — some true word,
From never swerving teachers, building up,
The moral of his faith into a pile,
Its apex in the heavens. Nor, in this work
Of self-perfection and self-eminence,
Lacks he for aid and fellowship. They come —
Spirits, and whispering shades, that, in the hush,
The stillness of deep forests, are abroad,
Obedient to his beck, whose lifted heart,
May see them, and demand their services,
And make them slaves or teachers, at his will.
Mock not the dream you may not understand,
Nor laugh to scorn the spirit, whose pursuit,
Stands not within the custom of the crowd.
The God, who, to the measurement of trade,
Impelled your aim — to him, perchance, assign'd
A duty — not like yours, and yet not less,
A duty ; — and he but pursues it now,
Even as assign'd him. The still flow'r that hides,
With speckled leaf secure beneath yon cliff,
Gives odor to the breeze that cheers the heart
Of the consumptive — not less blest in this

Sad office, than the tree whose inner ring
Yields the small pouncet box from which you feed
That nose you turn up, with so wise an air,
At the poor gazer on yon journeying stars.

VENERATION.

SHALL we not give, of all the past has brought us,
A something to the future ?
Your father left you a most noble statue,
The chisel'd work of Phidias ;
You have a son that one day will demand it—
'Twas left in trust to you.
'Twas not alone your wealth—it did belong
To all your grandsire's family.
He had a thought, when dying, that look'd forward,
To countless heirs and ages—
No limit stopt the wish of the immortal,
His eye, from the dim summit,
Had glimpses of the vast eternity—
His foot was on its threshold.
Where are his noble lands, his fine old mansion,
The grounds, the garden—all,
He took such pains to cultivate and finish,—
Have pass'd away to strangers—
His children wander into foreign countries,

Their toils and deeds ignoble —
'Twas you that robb'd them of their heritage,
The old familiar images,
That, in the flight of ages, grow to teachers,
And lift the soul that listens.
Exiled from home and fortune, they are exiles
From places that were holy,
'Till they have none of the old religion left,
And fly the ancient temples.
Traitor to trusts, that hope and love had hallow'd,
And age had made most sacred, —
Answer! the shadows of old time demand it,
And summon for the future —
Thou hast been false to both, hast lived for neither,
But to the selfish present hast devoted
The rights of time — go, profligate — make answer
To the eternity, and hear thy doom.
As thou hast lived but for thyself, go perish,
There is no need of thee, —
Nor God, nor man, nor time, eternity,
Neither have need of thee.

WASHINGTON.

AND the genius of death, with his brow bound about
with the gloomy hemlock, and bearing in his hands a liv-
ing but a leafless cypress stood beside the couch where
Washington lay :

"I will quench this light," said the genius—"I will overcome this lofty spirit, which, forgetting me, mankind delights to honor."

"Thou quench this light,—thou overcome this spirit!"—replied the genius of eternal fame, standing also beside the couch of the sleeping father;—"Oh, fool, that thou art!—he hath given thee immortality in dying at thy hands."

FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

Oh! thou bright and beautiful day,
First bright day of the virgin spring,
Bringing the slumbering life into play,
Giving the leaping bird his wing.

Thou art round me now in all thy hues,
Thy robe of green, and thy scented sweets,
In thy bursting buds, in thy blessing dews,
In every form that my footstep meets.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour;
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,
In the breathing bud and the opening flower.

I see thy forms o'er the parting earth,
In the tender shoots of the grassy blade,
In the thousand plants that spring to birth,
On the valley's side in the home of shade.

I feel thy promise in all my veins,
They bound with a feeling long suppress'd,
And, like a captive who breaks his chains,
Leap the glad hopes in my heaving breast.

There are life and joy in thy coming, spring,
Thou hast no tidings of gloom and death,
But, buds thou shakest from every wing,
And sweets thou breathest with every breath.

SONG BIRD AND FLOWER.

I.

IN the forest deep a flower was growing,
In the forest deep, without a peer ;
To its secret home in beauty glowing,
Came one day a lovely song bird near :
With wild strain of love enamor'd flying,
To the flowret's lips at last he press'd,
And, another moment, he was lying,
Lying close, and nestling in her breast.

II.

Day by day he flew to seek the flower,
 Blooming in that forest wild and deep,
And when came at last the parting hour,—
 And he left her,—she was left to weep.
But, when later every day returning,
 Sad and sick she chided his delay,
“Wherefore, when my heart is for thee burning,
 Dost thou linger, loved one, by the way?”

III.

Gayly then, with song, the bird replying
 Vex'd the gentle spirit which adored ;—
“O'er a thousand forests I've been flying,
 To a thousand flowers that call me lord !”
Like the pliant grass in heavy showers,
 Sank the flowret then with many a tear,—
“Thou,” she cried, “hast sought a thousand flowers,
 I were most happy with one song bird here.”

SYMPATHIES.

SPEAK, thou soft and rippling river,
Wherefore dost thou, ceaseless, ever,
To my always listening ear
That one name of beauty bear ?

And thou breeze, forever present,
With a murmur thus incessant,
Wherefore dost thou still repeat
That same name in accents sweet ?

And ye stars in beauty beaming,
Why, upon my sight still streaming,
Do ye ever link the same,
The sweet letters of her name ?

Birds, that gather, round me springing,
Wherefore are ye always singing,
With a voice so softly clear,
That same name upon mine ear ?

And, while in your garden bowers,
Wherefore do ye thus, ye flowers,
That same name, of flowers the chief,
Write upon each rosy leaf ?

Answered then the rippling water,
Breeze, and stars, and birds, with laughter—
“ ’Tis not we who thus repeat
What your spirit holds so sweet—

“ Your own heart, with many voices
In that magic word rejoices,
And they fondly link her name
With all objects still the same :—

" There's no beauty born in nature,
But partakes of true love's feature ;
And each charm the earth supplies,
Brings the loved one to our eyes.

" Thus, from true love, men inherit
Virtue's taste and beauty's spirit ;
Nor, without it, can they trace
The true charm of either face.

" Love is nature's life and essence,
From it comes its joy and pleasure :
Nature's ministers are we,
Thus we sing of love to thee."

THE NEW MOON.

" BEND thy bow, Dian ! shoot thy silver shaft
Through the dark bosom of yon murky cloud,
That, like a shroud,
Hangs heavy o'er the dwelling of sweet night !"
And the sky laugh'd,
Even as I spake the words ; and, in the west,
The columns of her mansion shone out bright !
A glory hung above Eve's visible brow,
The maiden empress !—and she glided forth

In beauty, looking down on the tranced earth,
So fondly, that its rivulets below
Gushed out to hail her, as if then first blest
With the soft motion of their voiceless birth.
A sudden burst of brightness o'er me broke—
The rugged crags of the dull cloud were cleft
By her sharp arrow, and the edges left,—
How sweetly wounded!—silver'd with the stroke,
Thus making a fit pathway for her march,
Through the blue arch!

THE LOST VOICE.

WHEREFORE this solid silence, this deep gloom,
Where all was song and sunshine—now no more?
Bewilder'd echoes throng each hollow room,
And pallid cheeks, and eyes all streaming o'er,
Why do they thus deplore?
Some strings of a true instrument are gone,
And the dumb nature mourns. In the dark sky
Is there no tempest-scattered pageantry,
Thunder and threatening clouds, that, hurrying by,
Proclaim, in many a deep and hollow tone,
They too have learnt to moan?
Sad lesson! where the heart,
True love and generous faith,

Up-looking hope and innocent desire,
Are the pale students, and in pain acquire
The mystery of their melancholy art,
From the dread teacher, death—
And being thus taught, expire !

Is there no sun to-day,
To chase these gloomy troops of clouds away,
That, with their sable banners march on high,
Making a solemn shade ?
Oh, for the glorious and strong voice which made
These echoes—yon blue sky,
As through its vaulted and far depths it stray'd,
While stars were in their places watchers by,
Pregnant with melody.
Nor yet of melody—sweet sounds—alone !
To the rapt sense, on which, even as a spell,
Its honied accents fell,
Had it not magic in that passionate tone,
When with a tremor wild and pleasing fear,
It shook the slumbering ear ?

Such, in the forum, to the thronging crowd,
Even at its summons gather'd, while the foe
Thunder'd upon the city gates aloud,
Was its strong influence, when, 'mid cries of "wo !"
But with no sign of fear,
It bade the young men gather and prepare
Bravely to do and dare ;—
While the sad matrons—with a gentle tone,

Possess'd by it, alone —

Won from their griefs, bound up their flowing hair,
And girded on each favorite chief his arms,
And bless'd him with their charms ;
And sent him forth, without a single sigh,
To conquer or to die.

The spirit unto which this voice was given,
Had been the work of heaven ;
Men felt the presence at its lightest word,
And, in the hour of peril and of gloom,
When each one had his prayer of death preferr'd,
And thought upon his tomb,
That voice, as through the solitude it came,
Like the fine music of some spirit bird,
Fresh come from richest bowers of Eden bloom,
Fill'd those with hope and heart who droop'd with shame,
Roused up the unconscious sleeper with a name,
And kindled all who heard.

Nor, in the perilous hour and night alone,
Heard we its magic tone.
Was there a gladness in the city's walls,
And did the illumined rows of windows shine,
And countless mirrors deck the gorgeous halls,
Flowing with wit and wine ?—
All had been sad unless that voice were there—
The song unheard, the generous wine unquaff'd,
The lights all dim, the merriment unlaugh'd,
And mirth, grown sick, or hush'd in sudden fear,

Had hung his head in shame.
Enthusiast in merriment as strife,
With spirit breathing an unslumbering life,
In every scene and trial, it became
The soul-arousing flame.
It won each heart, and soothing even the sad,
The oppressed and trampled bosom, taught to feel
The soothing temper of its warm appeal,
Grew, with the spirit of the season, glad.
Their griefs were all departed in that hour,
And tears had no existence ; who could keep,
With miser-care, his gloom, and inly weep,
Where, by the heavens endowed, that voice spoke forth
in power.

He had won lessons where the eagle builds,
High 'mong the untrodden mountains. He had grown
Skilled in the spirit's flight o'er boundless fields,
And trod each maze alone.
He had no fear of the tempest, but could stray
Where lightnings took their play ;
Like the audacious bird, he thought to gaze
Even on the noonday blaze —
And many an impulse high,
True thought, and lofty sense, and generous mood
A worship of the things that may not die,
Without idolatry,
Lesson'd him greatly in the solitude.
Nor, when the eagle scream'd, did the young dove
Withhold the gentler music of her brood —
She taught him how to love.

They neither teach him more—
The eagle's wing is down,
The young dove's note is o'er,
And upward, from the valley, comes a moan,
For a high spirit gone.
The matrons of the city send a wail
Upon the fitful gale—
The warrior's sword is crossed upon a bier,
His spirit slumbers there :—
And valor weeps a leader—friendship reels,
Wildly, beneath the blow her spirit feels ;
The patriot's soul is sorrowful, and love,
Moaning apart with many an active fear,
Weeps she not with the dove ?

THE LOST PLEIAD.

I.

Nor in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep, —
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery, —
Shall the bright watcher have
A place — and, as of old, high station keep.

II.

Gone, gone !
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

III.

Vain, vain !
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark,—
Howe'er the north
Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests low'r—
He sees no more that perish'd light again !
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

IV.

He looks,—the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze
Gladdening his gaze ;
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways !
How stands he in amaze,

Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews—how chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

V.

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars,—
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars,—
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch and die—
All their concerted springs of harmony,
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone.

VI.

A strain—a mellow strain—
Of wailing sweetness, fill'd the earth and sky;
The stars lamenting in unborrowed pain
That one of the selectest ones must die;
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever more the destiny,—
The hope, heart-cherish'd, is the soonest lost,
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost,
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?—

And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blest !

TO THE BREEZE:

AFTER A PROTRACTED CALM AT SEA.

I.

THOU hast been slow to bless us, gentle breeze —
Where hast thou been a lingerer, welcome friend ?
Where, when the midnight gathered to her brow
Her pale and crescent minister, wert thou ?
On what far, sullen, solitary seas,
Piping the mariner's requiem, didst thou tend
The home-returning bark —
Curling the white foam o'er her lifted prow,
White, when the rolling waves around her all were dark

II.

Gently, and with a breath
Of spicy odor from sabæan vales,
Where subtle life defies and conquers death,
Fill'dst thou her yellow sails !
On, like some pleasant bird,
With glittering plumage and light-loving eye,

While the long pennant lay aloft unstirred,
And sails hung droopingly,
Camest thou with tidings of the land to cheer
The weary mariner.

III.

How, when the ocean slept,
Making no sign—
And his dumb waters, of all life bereft,
Lay 'neath the sun-girt line—
His drapery of storm-clouds lifted high
In some far, foreign sky,
While a faint moaning o'er his bosom crept,
As the deep breathings of eternity,
Above the grave of the unburied time,
Claiming its clime—
How did the weary tar,
His form reclined along the burning deck,
Stretch his dim eye afar,
To hail the finger, and delusive, speck,
Thy bending shadow, from some rocky steep,
Down-darting o'er the deep!

IV.

Born in the solemn night,
When the deep skies were bright,
With all their thousand watchers on the sight—
Thine was the music through the firmament
By the fond nature sent,

To hail the blessed birth,
To guide to lowly earth,
The glorious glance, the holy wing of light !

V.

Music to us no less,
Thou comest in our distress,
To cheer our pathway. It is clear, through thee,
O'er the broad wastes of sea.
How soothing to the heart that glides alone,
Unwatched and unremembered, on the wave,
Perchance his grave ! —
Should he there perish, to thy deeper moan
What lip shall add one tone !

VI.

I bless thee, gentle breeze !
Sweet minister to many a fond desire,
Thou bear'st me to my sire,
Thou, and these rolling seas !
What—oh, thou God of this strong element !
Are we, that it is sent,
Obedient to our fond and fervent hope ?
But that its pinion on our path is bent,
We had been doomed beyond desire to grope,
Where plummet's cast is vain, and human art,
Lacking all chart.

FLOWERS IN AUTUMN.

I.

SWEET roses, that alone beneath the sky,
The mellow sky of autumn, are of all
Life's and remember'd nature's blandishments
Purest and sweetest,—ye shall haply fall
Into a yellow sickliness and die.
The gentle heart that loves your luxury,
And deems ye pilgrims from some sweeter sky,
This might appal ;
But that your purple hues and delicate scents
Have taken up abode with memory—
She will not let ye fly !

II.

Upon your broken stalk,
Hung drooping in her tears and desolate,
Sadly, in wild but well-accustomed walk,
She mourns your hapless fate :
Well she remembers when, in early spring,
The swallow won his wing ;
How she has sought, in thought-imprison'd mood,
Your solitude,—
Glad to behold ye, speechless monitors,
Having a sweet, sad sorrow, most like hers.

III.

And ye repaid her, well repaid, in kind—
For where, in what far vale,

Where summer's infant warbler, from a throat,
Bursting with joyous scream and attic note,

Pours to the blooming year his garrulous tale,—
Could she have stray'd to find

Odor like that ye lavish'd on the gale,
At the warm instance of the southern wind ?

IV.

Ye shudder not to die—

Ye struggle not to fly,

With feeble yearnings striving to oppose,
The blight that o'er ye blows.

Sure some true instinct bids ye moralize,
And fits ye to restore to the pure skies

The sweets we know ye by !

And, meekly, to your doom,

Ye bend to meet the summoning of death,

And, with no murmuring breath,—

Save when the harbor'd zephyr from ye goes—

Resign your hallow'd bloom !

V.

Ah, happy ! thus to fall,—

To melt into the sleep of earth, and all

The long repose, the prelude calm of heaven—

And sweet the instinct given,

That takes from death his dart,

And schools the throbbing and impatient heart,

Calmly, from life,—its little hopes, its toys,

Of idle promise, and seducing noise,—

Unmurmuring thus, like ye, sweet flowers, to part !
And such hath been your teaching—this, I feel,
As, with a pictured gaze, I fondly look
Upon your leaves, where, as in written book,
A pure philosophy ye do reveal,—
So were ye, uncomplaining, called to die,
And yield your parting odors to the sky.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

I.

THE leaves, the pleasant and green leaves, that hung
Abroad, in the gay summer woods, are dead ;
They cannot hear the requiem which is sung,
By the sad birds they may no more imbed ;
And the old stems to which they should have clung
Time-honored for their beauty, through long hours,
Wither'd and wrung,
Have perish'd with the flowers !—
I marvel that their last dirge be not said.

II.

Shall not the vagrant and light-wooing breeze,
Fresh from his native seas
In the Pacific, wandering with the sun,—
While bending on, throughout the well known trees

That yield no shelter to that desolate one—
 Prepare his dirge, and, on the midnight gale,
 In token of his scattered luxuries,
 Pour forth his wail !
 Shall he not sing in grief,
 One last lament above each withered leaf !

III.

He hath not stay'd his flight,
 But, tracking the lone land bird, he hath bent
 His insusceptible wing throughout the night,
 Far as the fancy's sight
 Might trace the dim lines of the firmament—
 And, ere the gray dawn from his ocean-bed
 Rush'd to the visible heav'n, hath turned his plume
 To where the flow'rs, in a sweet, tremulous bloom,
 Were wont to yield perfume,—
 And, like some spirit o'er which hangs a doom,
 He comes to find them dead.

IV.

And hath he then no wail ?—
 And folding round him not his mourning wing,
 Will he forbear to sing
 The melancholy anthem, and sad tale ?
 Shall he not say, he, who forever grieves,
 The story of the leaves ?
 And, with a tone to match the sad complain,
 And desolate aspect of the world around,

Shall he not pour along the waste that strain
Of wild and incommunicable sound,
Which in the Mexic gulph the seaman hears,
Like scream of the lone sea-gull in his ears,
Vexing the black profound ?

V.

The plaint he utters forth, to human sense,
Though meaningless and vague, hath yet a tone,
To the dumb nature full of competence,
And wrought for her alone :
Yet, even in human thought, it still must bear
The semblance of a moan,—
And fancy deems the wanderer in his grief,
His home all desolate, his soul all drear,
Thus wails the perish'd leaf :

VI.

“Never—O! never more,
Unburied honors of the pilgrim year,—
In your bright garb of green,
With crisped veins from nature's palmy print,
And each sweet scent, and lovely tinge and tint,
Shall ye appear,
The roving sense to charm, the eye to cheer :
The time,—sweet time!—that ye and I have seen,
Is o'er, forever o'er!
Ye feel me not—I press ye, never more—
My early joy, your loveliness,—how brief!

I may forget ye on some happier shore,
But, on your fruitless, now, and scentless bier,
I leave my tear!"

VII.

Away! away!

Far in the blaze of the descending day,
After that brief lament, he spreads his wings—

Now that the summer charm that led astray
The licensed rover of deep Indian seas,

No longer clings,
With blossoming odor, wooing his wild flight—

And, but the ruin of the leafless trees
Is there in token of the common blight!

Ah! who hath not been hopeless as the breeze?
Whose leaves and flow'rs, secure against the doom,
Have ever, through all seasons, kept their bloom,
Nor perish'd in a night?

LOVE IMPERIAL.

I.

With an unpresuming face,
And a manner soft and sly,
Love imperial steals apace
When you little deem him nigh,—

You may note his searching glance,
In the absent-seeming eye—
You may trace him in the trance
Of a young idolatry.

II.

There are spirits yet to win,
There are bosoms still to try,
And he deems it not a sin
To extend his sovereignty—
With a spell of wilder power
Than the other kings may ply,
He will scale the haughty tower,
Though it rugged be, and high.

III.

He hath armed him with a spark
From a young and artless eye,
And he strikes the lofty mark,
Which would other force defy;
And the lofty tow'r goes down
In the conflagration high,
And the chieftain leads he on
In a far captivity.

IV.

In the wildest storm he soars,
He is safe in every sky;
And he wins the farthest shores
With a wing of victory!

Sleepless still, he speeds apace,
When you little deem him nigh,
And he wins the hardest race
That his erring wing may try.

V.

He's the prince, the prince of power,
And we bow to him alone, —
He's the lord of tent and tower,
Of the cottage and the throne.
Peer and peasant, clime and hour,
All alike to him are known,
And we yield him up the flower,
And the fruit of every zone.

TRUE LOVE.

I.

AND wherefore mourn the love that's fled,
Regard it as some blessed dream,
That, on the half shut eye, has shed
A golden but a fleeting gleam.

II.

A holy light that breaks perchance,
Through evening vapors on the eye,
Then, glad of its deliverance,
Floats upward to the blessed sky.

THE SLAIN EAGLE.

THE eye that marked thy flight with deadly aim,
Had less of warmth and splendor than thine own ;
The form that did thee wrong could never claim
The matchless vigor which thy wing hath shown ;
Yet art thou in thy pride of flight o'erthrown ;
And the far hills that echoed back thy scream,
As from storm-gathering clouds thou sent'st it down,
Shall see no more thy red-eyed glances stream
From their far summits round, with strong and terrible
gleam.

Lone and majestic monarch of the cloud !
No more I see thee on the tall cliff's brow,
When tempests meet, and from their watery shroud
Pour their wild torrents on the plains below,
Lifting thy fearless wing, still free to go,
True in thy aim, undaunted in thy flight,
As seeking still, yet scorning, every foe —
Shrieking the while in consciousness of might,
To thy own realm of high and undisputed light.

Thy thought was not of danger then — thy pride
Left thee no fear. Thou hadst gone forth in storms,
And thy strong pinions had been bravely tried
Against their rush. Vainly their gathering forms
Had striven against thy wing. Such conflict warms

The nobler spirit ; and thy joyful shriek,
Gave token that the strife itself had charms
For the born warrior of the mountain peak,
He of the giant brood, sharp fang, and bloody beak.

How didst thou then, in very mirth, spread far
Thy pinions' strength! — with freedom that became
Audacious license, with the winds at war,
Striding the yielding clouds that girt thy frame,
And, with a fearless rush that nought could tame,
Defying earth — defying all that mars
The flight of other wings of humbler name ;
For thee, the storm had impulse, but no bars
To stop thy upward flight, thou pilgrim of the stars !

Morning above the hills, and from the ocean,
Ne'er leaped abroad into the fetterless blue,
With such a free and unrestrained motion,
Nor shook from her ethereal wing the dew
That else had clogged her flight and dimmed her
view,
With such calm effort as 'twas thine to wear —
Bending with sunward course erect and true,
When winds were piping high and lightnings near,
Thy day-guide all withdrawn, through fathomless fields
of air.

The moral of a chosen race wert thou,
In such proud fight. From out the ranks of men —
The million moilers, with earth-cumbered brow,
That slink, like coward tigers to their den,

Each to his hiding-place and corner then—
One mighty spirit watched thee in that hour,
Nor turned his lifted heart to earth again ;
Within his soul there sprang a holy power,
And he grew strong to sway, whom tempests made not
cower.

Watching, he saw thy rising wing. In vain,
From his superior dwelling, the fierce sun
Shot forth his brazen arrows, to restrain
Th' audacious pilgrim, who would gaze upon
The secret splendors of his central throne ;
Proudly, he saw thee to that presence fly,
And Eblis-like, unaided and alone,
His dazzling glories seek, his power defy,
Raised to thy god's own face, meanwhile, thy rebel eye.

And thence he drew a hope, a hope to soar,
Even with a wing like thine. His daring glance
Sought, with as bold a vision, to explore
The secret of his own deliverance,—
The secret of his wing—and to advance
To sovereign sway like thine—to rule, to rise
Above his race, and nobly to enhance
Their empire as his own—to make the skies,
Th' extended earth, far seas, and solemn stars, his prize.

He triumphs—and he perishes like thee !

Scales the sun's heights, and mounts above the
winds,

Breaks down the gloomy barrier, and is free !
The worm receives his winglet : he unbinds
The captive thought, and in its centre finds
New barriers, and a glory in his gaze,
He mocks, as thou, the sun !—but scaly blinds
Grow o'er his vision, till, beneath the daze,
From his proud height he falls, amid the world's amaze.

And thou, brave bird ! thy wing hath pierced the
cloud,
The storm had not a battlement for thee ;
But, with a spirit fetterless and proud,
Thou hast soared on, majestically free,
To worlds, perchance, which men shall never see !
Where is thy spirit now ? the wing that bore ?
Thou hast lost wing and all, save liberty !
Death only could subdue — and that is o'er :
Alas ! the very form that slew thee should deplore !

A proud exemplar hath been lost the proud,
And he who struck thee from thy fearless flight—
Thy noble loneliness, that left the crowd,
To seek, uncurbed, that singleness of height
Which glory aims at with unswerving sight—
Had learned a nobler toil. No longer base
With lowliest comrades, he had given his might,
His life—that had been cast in vilest place—
To raise his hopes and homes—to teach and lift his race.

'Tis he should mourn thy fate, for he hath lost
The model of dominion. Not for him

The mighty eminence, the gathering host
That worships, the high glittering pomps that dim,
The bursting homage and the hailing hymn :
He dies—he hath no life, that, to a star,
Rises from dust and sheds a holy gleam
To light the struggling nations from afar,
And show, to kindred souls, where fruits of glory are.

Exulting now, he clamors o'er his prey ;
His secret shaft hath not been idly sped ;
He lurked within the rocky cleft all day,
Till the proud bird rose sweeping o'er his head,
And thus he slew him ! He should weep him dead,
Whom, living, he could love not—weep that he,
The noble lesson taught him, never read—
Exulting o'er the victim much more free
Than, in his lowly soul, he e'er can hope to be.

'Tis triumph for the base to overthrow
That which they reach not—the ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer, beings of their kind :
In this their petty villany is blind ;
They hate their benefactors—men who keep
Their names from degradation—men designed
Their guides and guardians : well, if late they weep
The cruel shaft that struck such noble hearts so deep.

Around thy mountain dwelling the winds lie—
Thy wing is gone, thy eyry desolate ;

Oh, who shall teach thy young ones when to fly, —
Who fill the absence of thy watchful mate ?
Thou type of genius ! bitter is thy fate,
A boor has sent the shaft that leaves them lone,
Thy clustering fellows, guardians of thy state —
Shaft from the reedy fen whence thou hast flown,
And feather from the bird thy own wing hath struck
down !

INVOCATION.

Come, Chevillette, my own love, come with me,
No idle pomp, no bustling world, I seek ;
Enough, if in the shadow of the tree,
I watch thy glistening eye and glowing cheek.

Enough, if in thy gentle heart and eye,
Mine own may find a warm, responsive flame,
Enough, if in thy murmur and thy sigh,
Breathed out from love's own lips, I hear my name.

Thy hand in mine, thy spirit watchful still,
Of what mine own hath spoken, and thy heart
Filled with that hope which love can best fulfil,
We feel how sweet to meet, how sad to part.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,
And teach the wild vine how to gather round,
While, with thy lips, still breathing songs of love,
To the deep woods thou lend'st a genial sound.

Things gentle shall be won to gather near,
Solicitous of all the sweets thou bring'st,
And the young mock-bird, bending down his ear,
Shall emulous listen whensoe'er thou sing'st.

Toward eve, the frisking rabbit 'neath thine eyes,
Shall overlay the grass plat near our cot;
The squirrel, as from tree to tree he flies,
Fling the dismember'd branches o'er the spot.

Thy gentle nature, winning as their own,
Theirs all unwronging, shall a favorite be;
And they will gather round thy forest throne,
And own thy sway, and love thy chains, like me.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,
Sweet heart! and with thy spirit true as fine,
Attune the sleeping chords of life to love,
Till the high harmonies shall kindle thine.

Shut out the world's coarse discords, till no more
Thy heart shall hear of violence or grief,
And heaven, in mercy to our lot, restore
The bloom of Eden, blissful, but how brief!

CHANGES OF HOME.

I.

WELL may we sing her beauties, this pleasant land of ours,
Her sunny smiles, her golden fruits, and all her world of
flow'rs ;

The young birds of her forest groves, the blue folds of
her sky,

And all those airs of gentleness, that never seem to fly ;
They wind about our forms at noon, they woo us in the
shade,

When panting, from the summer's heats, the woodman
seeks the glade ;

They win us with a song of love, they cheer us with a
dream,

That gilds our passing thoughts of life, as sunlight does
the stream ;

And well would they persuade us now, in moments all
too dear,

That, sinful though our hearts may be, we have our Eden
here.

II.

Ah, well has lavish nature, from out her boundless store,
Spread wealth and loveliness around, on river, rock, and
shore :

No sweeter stream than Ashley glides—and, what of
southern France ?—

She boasts no brighter fields than ours, within her matron
glance;
Our skies look down in tenderness from out their realms
of blue,
The fairest of Italian climes may claim no softer hue;
And let them sing of fruits of Spain, and let them boast
the flowers,
The Moors' own culture, they may claim no dearer
sweet than ours—
Perchance the dark haired maiden is a glory in your eye,
But the blue eyed Carolinian rules, when all the rest are
nigh.

III.

And none may say, it is not true, the burden of my lay,
'Tis written, in the sight of all, in flow'r and fruit and ray;
Look on the scene around us now, and say if sung amiss,
The song that pictures to your eye, a spot so fair as this:
Gay springs the merry mock-bird around the cottage
pale, —
And, scarcely taught by hunter's aim, the rabbit down
the vale;
Each boon of kindly nature, her buds, her blooms, her
flow'rs,
And, more than all, the maidens fair that fill this land of
ours,
Are still in rich perfection, as our fathers found them
first,
But our sons are gentle now no more, and all the land is
curst.

IV.

Wild thoughts are in our bosoms, and a savage discontent,
We love no more the life we led, the music, nor the scent;
The merry dance delights us not, as in that better time,
When glad, in happy bands we met, with spirits like our clime,
And all the social loveliness, and all the smile is gone,
That link'd the spirits of our youth, and made our people one;
They smile no more together, as in that earlier day,
Our maidens sigh in loneliness, who once were always gay;
And though our skies are bright, and our sun looks down as then —
Ah, me! the thought is sad I feel, we shall never smile again.

SLUMBER.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

SWEET is slumber — it is life
Without its sorrow, sin or sighing —
Death, without the fearful strife,
The mortal agony of dying.

THE EUTAW MAID.

The battle of the Eutaw Springs, one of the most brilliant events of the revolution, is well known in the history of the partisan warfare carried on in the southern department. This little ballad has reference to that affair.

I.

It was in Eutaw's covert shade, and on a hill-side stood,
A young and gentle Santee maid, who watch'd the distant
wood,
Where he, the lov'd one of her heart, in fearful battle
then,
Had gone to flesh his maiden sword with Albion's mar-
tial men,
Untaught 'in fight, and all unused to join the strife of
blows,—
Oh! can there be a doubt with her, how the deadly
battle goes?

II.

And wild the din ascends from far, and high in eddying
whirls,
Above the forest trees and wide, the sulphur storm-
cloud curls,
And fast and thick upon her ear, the dreadful cries of
pain,
The groan, the shriek, the hoarse alarm, run piercing to
her brain;

She may not hope that he is safe, when thousands fall
around,
But looks to see his bloody form outstretch'd upon the
ground.

III.

There's a cry of conquest on the breeze, the cannon's
roar is still,
She dares not look, she does not weep, her trembling
heart is chill :
The tramlings of the victors come in triumph through
the glade,
She hears the loud note of the drum, the clattering of
the blade,
Perchance that very blade is red with the blood of him
her love ;
The thought is death, and down she sinks within the
woodland grove.

IV.

A gentle arm entwines her form — a voice is in her ear,
Which, even in death's cold grasp itself, 't would win
her back to hear ;
Her lips uncloze, her eyes unfold, once more upon the
light,
And he is there, that gallant love, unharm'd, before her
sight ;
Now happy is that Santee maid, and proudly blest is he,
And, in her face, the tear and smile are strangely sweet
to see.

THE TRYST OF ACAYMA.

I.

FAIR 'fall the Indian maiden, who sits by yonder stream,
For, though her eyes are full of tears, she dreams a
happy dream ;

She waits Panaco's coming, — he left her for the shore,
Where, bursting through the Darien rocks, Atrato's wa-
ters roar ;

A poison'd javelin fill'd his hand, a knife was by his side,
And countless were the valiant chiefs, beneath his arm
that died ; —

A brave among the bravest, the first to lead was he,
When down the mountain warriors sped to meet the
Caribbee.

II.

A fear is in Acayma's heart, and yet that heart is glad,
For, bless'd with brave Panaco's love, it could not well
be sad ;

Three moons ago he sought her tent, — " Where is the
maid ?" said he,

" I seek but one of all the tribe that wanders by the
sea." —

His eye is on Acayma, — she dares not look on high,
Though well she knows, that happy hour, she stands be-
neath his eye, —

His hand is on the maiden's hand,—she felt her bosom
heave ;—

He kept the willing heart and hand, she had no power
to give.

III.

'Twas by the rapids of the stream that down the moun-
tain fell,

Just where Biloxi's iron head looks o'er Senonee's dell.

"I'll watch these babbling waters, and they shall speak
for thee ;"

The maiden cried,—“and tell me why thou lingerest
by the sea ;—

“I know thou dost not love me :—” then lightly did he
reach,

And, sprinkling with the falling drops, he stayed her idle
speech ;

Then laughing long, and looking back, he bounded down
the steep,

And in her very joy of heart, the maiden could but
weep.

IV.

But weary grow the lengthening hours, and shadows of
distress

Now haunt the heart, that, in its love, still finds its lone-
liness ;

The tears of joy that filled her eye when first Panaco
went,

Are dry—but down the silent rocks her gloomy glance
is sent;
A thousand fears are in her thought—she plucks and
rends the flow'rs,
And anxious looks, where, in the sky, a heavy tempest
lowers;
Though none may better guide the bark or trim the
sail than he,
Still swells within her heart the hope he be not on the sea.

V.

Too rash and too resolv'd his soul, too prone to rove afar,
To launch the boat, to lead the hunt, to urge the tribe to
war;
She weeps to think, to meet her wish, and win her love,
he speeds
Where yellow waters boil in rage among the cavern
weeds:
He promised ere he left her, to bring for her that day,
The brightest pearl that ever slept 'neath the gulph of
Urabay;
To rob the sea-maid of her shells, and from the Snake-
God's home,
Tear the green gem that lights his crest, and rend his crys-
tal foam.*

* The tradition is, that there is a great sea snake of the Gulf, which the Indians call the king snake or god snake, whose head is one entire emerald, which lights the ocean for many leagues; that he sleeps in a cavern of the purest crystal, which is beautiful, in fantastic forms, like the combing foam of the sea when petrified.

VI.

The noon-tide hour is going fast,—she lingers still and
sighs,
For thicker yet the shadows crowd and gather on her
eyes ;
A shadow o'er her spirit steals, more dark and deeply
dread,
Than that which closes now in storm above the moun-
tain's head ;
Yet watches she the falling wave, and to her trembling
ears,
A murmur, like an omen comes—what is it that she
hears ?
'Tis sure Panaco's voice,—but no !—ah, sweet, delu-
sive dream,
'Twas but some loosen'd rock above that tumbled down
the stream.

VII.

She knows not of her sorrow yet,—she chides at his
delay ;
Oh ! would she thus reproach him, if she knew what
made him stay ?—
Could she dream that while she blamed him, he battled
for his life,—
Could she see the Spanish foeman, and Panaco 'neath
his knife !
Alas ! for thee, Acayma,—what though thy lover swore,

He will not come to bless thee now,—he lies by yonder shore ;
And tho' thy tears were torrents, like those adown yon glen,
They cannot move Panaco,—he will never come agen.

THE HUNTER OF CALAWASSEE.

I.

WHEN bites, in bleak November, the blast that rives the tree,
And scatters wide the yellow leaves, so sweetly sad to see,
Its voice's moaning murmur, borne through the trembling wood,
Awakes the heedful hunter up, and stirs his drowsy blood ;—
In ancient times a summons meet,* for all who struck the deer
He will not be the last to heed, who's still the first to hear ;
He plucks the rifle from its rest, he winds the yellow horn,
And sweet the music of the sound through all the forest borne.

* The fall of the leaf, was always the signal for ancient hunting.

II.

'Way down where ghostly cypress and dodder'd oaks
spread free,
By the winding fen of Calawass, and on to Ocketee,
The mellow notes go searching far, the blood hounds'
bay is full,—
Shame light upon that hunter now, whose bosom's beat
is dull!
There's life within that bugle note, steeds snort and
riders shout,
And life, in every bound they take, is gushing gladly
out;—
A spirit rends the thicket,—upstarts the couchant deer,
Shakes from his sluggish flanks the dew, and bounds
away in fear.

III.

"Now sound your horns," cried Kedar, "and let the
hunt be up,
And bring me, ere we start, my boy, a strong and stir-
ring cup;
The air is keen and searching, and sadly in my breast,
The blood, that should be bounding still, lies lazily at
rest;
Not long to rest, for, by my soul, and all the saints! I
swear,
This day I perish, or I kill the buck that harbors here,—
That one-horned buck;"—"Nay, swear not so, dear
master," thus he cried,
The aged slave, who then drew nigh and stood by Ke-
dar's side,

IV.

"Now, out upon thy coward soul!" cried Kedar to the slave;

"Thou wast a man upon a time, — my father thought thee brave;

But age has dull'd thy spirit — thy limbs have need of rest,
This air's too keen for such as thou — go, harbor in thy nest;

Fool-fears have quell'd thy manhood, and, in this buck I seek,

Thou find'st a foe whose very name 'twould white thy lips to speak;

But though he be the fiend himself, and stand before my eyes,

This day I hunt him down, I say, and deer or hunter dies!"

V.

Then sadly spoke that aged slave — "Oh, master, swear not so —

Leave hunting of this one-horned buck, that's like no beast we know;

He makes no slot,* no entry* leaves — though, through the closest brakes

Of bush or cane, or thicket swamp, his headlong course he takes:

Still bears the same erected port, and never frays a head;* —

* Old Lauto is somewhat more learned in his terms than most of the *drivers* of the southern country; and, for the sake of his brethren,

Two seasons have you hunted him, and still with evil
sped ;
Some grievous chance hath ever happ'd when on his
scent we came,
The first"—"Now, fool," then Kedar cried, "be still,
for very shame !

VI.

"Sound hunters, ere this idle tale arrest the sluggish
blood,
And lend to braver hearts than his, yon aged dotard's
mood ;
It is my oath, this day to track that buck unto his den,
And we shall see if he or me, shall live for hunt agen ;—
Two seasons hath he baffled us, 'twere shame if still he
may,
And I am sworn, and heed my oath, to end the toil to-
day ;
And Lauto, you shall stay behind—I would not have
you drive,

some little explanation may be given here. These are all terms of the chase in ancient English hunting; and are furnished to me, at second hand, from Gascoigne's "commendation of the noble arte of venerie." The *slot* is the print of a stag's foot upon the ground; *entries* are places through which deer have lately passed, by which their size is conjectured; *frayings* are the pillings of their horns; and a deer is said to "fray a head" when he rubs it against a tree to cause the outer coat to fall away in the season of renewal. These nice traits of the hunt, by which the hunter learns all that is desirable to know of the game he seeks, form, however, but a small number of those in the collection of the experienced in this "noble arte."

If such the fears that fill your heart, the hunt can never thrive."

VII.

"I'll go, my master," cried the slave, with sorrow in his tone,

"If fears are in old Lauto's heart, they're fears for you alone;

Here Willow, Wand, and Wallow,"—three dogs of famous breed,

That had a boast, from Rollo's pack, the Norman's, to be seed:—

He sounded then most cheerily, that aged slave, and cried,

'Till, from the kennel, all the pack, came bounding to his side;

He took the route his master bade, and with a heavy heart,

That shook with fears he could not name, did Lauto then depart,

VIII.

'Twas standing in a cypress grove, that, by the Ocketee, Kept crowding shadows that forbade the searching eye to see,

Young Kedar waited long to hear the music of the hounds, That told the hunt was up, and filled the wood with cheering sounds;

No sound he heard, yet, on his sight, that one-horn'd deer
 arose,
As speeding on, he left behind, in secret, all his foes : —
“But me he shall not baffle thus,” cried Kedar as he
 came —
And lifting up his rifle then, he stood with ready aim.

IX.

Three strides the buck hath taken, his single horn on
 high,
And then he stayed his forward flight, and looked with
 steady eye ;
He looked upon the cypress grove where Kedar watch-
 ing stood,
Then, turning, took his easy way toward the distant
 wood.
This madden'd Kedar then to see, and to his steed he
 gave
Free rein and rashing spur, and went as if some devil
 drave ;
With shriek and shout he bounded on, and wonder'd to
 behold,
How easy was the gait he went, that deer, along the wold.

X.

And still nor horn nor hound he heard, and nothing did
 he see,
Save that one deer that, fleeing, seem'd, as not to care to
 flee ;

This vex'd young Kedar to behold — a madness filled his
blood,
And shouting as he went, he flew, with fury through the
wood;
He heeded not for stop or stay — he looked not once
behind,
His soul was in that fearful chase — his spirit on the
wind; —
A twilight shade came o'er the earth, and through the
wood a moan,
Yet nothing did he see or hear, but that one deer alone!

XI.

The cypress groves he leaves behind, where, with impatient heart,
Three goodly hours he watch'd that day, from all the
rest apart;
The long pines gather round him now, and now the
thicket stays,
Yet on, with headlong haste, he goes, through wild and
rugged ways; —
The deer, still wooing as he wends, keeps ever in his
sight,
Yet indirect his forward course, as careless still of
flight; —
More furious grew that hunter then, to see his mocking
pace,
And feel at last, his noble steed was failing in the race.

XII.

No warning sign like this he heeds, but with his oath in
mind,
Young Kedar, in that keen pursuit, is striving with the
wind ;
The rowel tears his charger's flanks until they glisten red,
The thong now smites his burning sides and now his
aching head ;
Yet docile still, in all his pain, though fainting with the
chase,
He strives, that noble beast, to keep, unfailing, in the
race ;
The madness grows in Kedar's soul, and blinds his
thought and will,
Such madness as must vex the heart of him that's doom'd
to ill.

XIII.

And he that has no eye to see his weary charger's pain,
As little heeds the baffling wood through which his feet
must strain ;
The giant pines have faded far—the knotted thicket
shakes
Its purple berries round his brow at every bound he
takes ;
The swamp is nigh, the horse's hoofs in ooze are plash-
ing fast,
God save him, if he mean to save—such chase can
never last !

The river's edge is nigh, and dusk, its solemn shadows
rise,
And what a heavy silence hangs and broods along the
skies.

XIV.

Before him sleeps the sluggish swamp that never sees
the day,
And through its bosom, bounding on, the deer still keeps
his way ;
Another leap he gains the stream — another effort
more —
And deeply in the charger's flanks, the rashing rowel
tore ;—
A sound is in young Kedar's ears — his hounds are close
behind —
And 'tis old Lautó's cry that cheers upon that sudden
wind ;—
A warning cry that vainly seeks to drive the spell away,
And check the fiend that lies in wait and hungers for his
prey.

XV.

Mad shouts from Kedar answered then old Lautó's kindly
cry, —
" Ha ! ha ! I have him now !" was still the hunter's wild
reply ;
" I have him now — that one-horned buck — our path
lies fair and free,

He sinks—he can no farther run—he lies by yonder
tree ;—
Upon him, Cygnet !—he is ours—one goodly effort
more,
By death and all the saints, he's mine!—ha! ha! our
hunt is o'er!"
And still the noble steed obeys, and through the swamp
he goes,—
The swamp is past, and, round his feet, the dark Che-
che-see flows.

XVI.

The dark Che-che-see flows along, in tribute to the main,
But stops not Kedar's rash pursuit—he spurs his steed
again ;
And breathing hard, the patient steed now takes the
gloomy stream,
While roll'd the thunder cloud above, and sunk the west-
ering gleam.
Old Lauto reach'd the river's edge, with dim and strain-
ing eye,
And something like a struggling steed, a moment did
he spy ;
But soon the waters closed above—he look'd beyond,
and there,
Still went, a failing shadow now, with easy pace, the
deer!

TO MY WIFE IN ABSENCE.

Oh, wert thou but beside me now,
Yon cold and cheerless moon would be
A high and purely passing brow,
That I should joy to watch with thee.

With thee to smile, with thee to cheer,
To soothe and bless my struggling heart,
This weary night would disappear,
For all is happy where thou art.

A thousand promised joys should rise,
In thought and memory, blessing still ;
And from thy bright, yet dewy eyes,
The fountains of mine own should fill.

And that dear pledge !—to me how dear,
Since first its budding lips became,
A smile to charm, a tone to cheer
Each trembling feeling of my frame :—

Around my neck her clasping hands
Like blooming tendrils round the tree,
A festive wreath of freshest bands
That hide the roughness none should see.

To mark her growth, and, day by day,
Behold her infant mind unclose,

To trim the light, protect the ray,
Defend the bud, and love the rose.

Month after month, and year by year,
To trace her being's rapid growth,
A father's joy, a mother's care,
The blessing and the pride of both.

Ah! more than sweet is every dream
My fond and fervent fancy brings—
A wooing breath, a winning gleam
Of pure and most delightful things.

Fair images, that, seen before,
Like angel memories will not part,
And hold their kind dominion o'er,
My weary, and o'er burthen'd heart.

Oh, come to me, for when thou'rt gone,
My spirit sad, nor longer free,
Finds nature dull, and cities lone,
And looks in vain, and weeps, for thee.

TO MY WIFE AT PARTING.

Pray for me, at the morning and at eve,
When, downward, lingering, goes the mellowéd sun,

Utter thy prayer that he may always leave
A smile, a promise, for the wandering one.

Pray for me, though, perchance, with mood like mine,
Forever wayward, wild, and obstinate,
All prayers be unavailing—ay, even thine—
Pray still, and I shall not be desolate.

My heart shall fancy in the pleasant breeze,
That gathers in the tree tops, there's a tone,
Sweet, sad—like that which comes o'er moaning seas,
Which thou dost send to cheer the wandering one.

And when I lay me on my noonday bed,
'Neath the broad foliage of the summer vine,
I'll deem the spirit watching at my head,
The spirit that has waited long on thine.

Sweet heart! oh, never yet bloom'd sweeter heart—
Pray for me, and the desert world and wild,
Shall offer tendance, and with gentlest art,
Most heedful of thy prayer, shall bless their child.

Sweet airs shall be around me, and though men,
Not knowing well, have wronged me—blest by thee,
The elements shall all look kindlier then,
And doubly grant the boon thou begg'st for me.

FLIGHT TO NATURE.

Sick of the crowd, the toil, the strife,
Sweet nature! now I turn to thee,
Seeking for renovated life,
By brawling brook and shady tree.

I knew thy rocks had spells of old,
To turn the wanderer's wo to calm,
And in thy waters, clear and cold,
My heated brow would seek its balm.

I bent beneath thy ancient oak,
And sought for slumber in its shade,
And, as the clouds above me broke,
I dream'd to find the pray'r I made.

For light, a blessed light, was given,
Far streaming round me from above,
And in the deep, deep vaults of heaven,
I saw a look of peace and love.

And through the long, long summer hours,
When every bird was on its wing,
I sought amid thy thousand flowers,
The sweet renewal of life's spring.

That sacred freshness of the heart,
That made the tide of youth so strong,

When, yet untaught by shame or art,
We fear'd no guile and knew no wrong.

My soul grew young in early dreams,
And 'gainst each selfish lure I strove,
Most glad to yield up human schemes,
For one pure, boyish hour of love.

And who but nature's self could yield
The boon I sought, the pray'r I made,
Throned in her realm of wood and field,
Of rocky realm and haunted shade. —

Who, but that magic queen, whose sway
Drives winter from his path of strife,
While all her thousand fingers play,
With bud and bird, in games of life?

I turn'd to her — yet turn'd in vain —
A hopeless discontent I bear;
I snap, at each remove, a chain,
Yet never snap the chain I wear.

Yet if the wizard be, whose power
May set my heart and passions free,
And still restore youth's perish'd flower,
And hope's gay season, thou art she.

A kindred life with these I ask,
Not beauty, nor the pomp we seek,

But in the sunshine let me bask,
My heart as glowing as my cheek.

An idle heart, that would not heed
The chiding voice of duty, come
To take the soul, new nerved and freed,
Back to close cell and gloomy room.

Thou, nature, that magician be,
Give me the old time peace, the joy
That warm'd my heart, and set me free,
A wild, but not a wayward, boy.

And I will bless thee with a song,
As fond as hers, that idle bird,
That sings above me all day long,
As if she knew I watch'd and heard.

EVENING BY THE SEA-SHORE.

How, with a spell of sweetness all her own,
The bright-eyed evening hallows the broad land —
She rises like a sovereign to her throne ;
Earth sleeps — the waters murmur on the strand —
A breathing calm, descending from the skies,
Wraps her wide realm in happy harmonies.

There is no ruder breath than stirs the flowers,
Winning their proffer'd odor — earth and air,
The sea, even down among its coral bowers,
Seen through the perilous waters — all is fair;
God's spirit, like a blessing charm abroad,
Subdues the strife, unveils the works of God.

The little wave that breaks upon the shore,
Hath brought a gentle promise from the deep;
Its strifes at rest, its angry terrors o'er,
It feels the calm of brightness o'er it creep —
Shares in the kindred blessing of the skies,
And hallow'd like the land, in holy sweetness lies.

The winds that travelled on its breast all night,
And rock'd their own wide cradle till they slept,
Have caught up sweetest odors in their flight,
From the fair Haytien groves — their wings have swept
Fruit forests, where the golden tribute grows
Unheeded, and in vain its wealth bestows.

What tidings doth such mournful truth convey
Of savage and regardless nature there —
Still, the wild man, untutored to obey,
Makes foul the realm that heaven hath made most fair:
The heart that is not gentle hath no eyes
For nature, and regards no harmonies.

His mood is in the dark — he loves the night
Only in stormy aspects — skies to him,

Which God hath soothed with sweetness, give no light,
And the fair moon is but a presence dim —
The song of winds from the far-heaving sea,
Speaks not to him the tones of fond humanity.

Ah ! sweet their voices in my yielding breast,
The murmur rises there — the mood is strong —
There is a hope that will not be repress,
The strifes of man will cease, and human wrong,
Be but the story of a savage race,
That lived without the thought or means of grace.

I see it in the picture round me spread —
Earth linked with heaven — old ocean won to calm,
And smooth, as fitted for an angel's tread,
Winds musical, and breathing airs of balm —
And the rude passions in my soul, they rest, —
There is not now a wrong within my breast.

I do forgive mine ancient enemy,
I would that he were nigh to hear my pray'r ; —
God's light be shining now upon his eye,
God's blessed voice in mercy in his ear ; —
Hath he a child — may she be blest, as he
Would ever wish his latest born to be.

These winds have mercy in them — they have come
From happy coasts, where sickness never dwells —
They rouse my freshen'd spirit into bloom —
My thought expands — my soul in triumph swells ;
And oh, how gladly would I now impart
To all, these raptures rising in my heart.

The affections that have slumber'd in the strife,
Sweet charities, that human strifes subdue,
And virtues, that man seldom keeps through life,
Return once more, and prove our nature true :
Still may the soul its highest hope maintain,
Since such as these come back to strengthen it again.

The very silence that now spreads around
Its dewy and ethereal wing, appears
Like some sweet minister, whose plaintive sound,
Wins to imploring calm, th' obedient spheres,—
And in its pure divinity o'erawes
The ruder atom which would break their laws.

Oh, peerless eve, sail on, and if there be
One dwelling of earth's children, where the war
Still wages, let them thy blest features see —
Make them as gentle as those features are :
Could they but turn from earthly gain, ah, well,
And very soon, indeed, their hearts should feel thy spell.

MORNING IN THE FOREST.

I.

The voices of the forest ! Hear the tale,
Whispered at moments by the fitful breeze,
That, sighing with a sweet and soothing wail,

Makes sweetest music with the tall old trees ;
And blends, with feeling of the dawning hour,
Musings of solemn thought and saddest power.

II.

Such was the birth, the mother-birth, which sung
The morning of creation : — even so strange,
The first, fresh accents of the infant tongue
Of nature, moaning through her varied range —
Wild in her desert loneliness of place,
Ere yet she knew her last and noblest race.

III.

Thus moan'd the winds among the giant trees
That had no other homage — thus, from far,
Came the deep voices of the sullen seas,
Striving 'gainst earth, and with themselves at war ; —
Night craved the sun, and chaos from her keep
Groan'd with the feeling of her growing sleep.

IV.

And, in the language of their infant lack,
They tell their story with each rising dawn ;
You hear them when the hour is cold and black,
Ere yet the feet of day imprint the lawn ;
When the faint streakings of the light are seen,
O'er eastern heights, through darkest groves of green.

V.

Each day renews the birth of thousand days
Even from the dawn of time : — even now I see,
Amid the gloom that gathers on my gaze,
Gray distant gleams that shoot up momentarily —
And hark ! a sudden voice — the voice of might,
That hail'd, from infant life, the blessing birth of light.

VI.

The morning grows around me ! Shafts of gray,
Like sudden arrows from the eastern bow,
Rise, through the distant forests, to a ray,
And light the heavens, and waken earth below ; —
The rill that murmur'd sadly, now sings out,
Leaping, through trembling leaves, with free and glad-
some shout.

VII.

I see a glitter on yon glossy leaf
Where hangs a silent dew-drop. Hark ! a bird,
Shrieks out, as if he felt some sudden grief,
His sleep, perchance, by dream of danger stirr'd :
Wings rustle in the thicket — other eyes,
Behold, where ray on ray, the wings of morning rise.

VIII.

And now the dawn, with eye of glancing gray,
Comes singing into sight. The trees stand forth,

As singly striving for her brightest ray ;
And countless voices from the awak'ning earth,
Clamor full-throated joys : — a flapping wing,
Prepares, in yonder copse, to take his morning spring.

IX.

A sudden life is round me with the light,
Voices and wings are in the woods and air ;
Broad vistas open to my travelling sight,
And hills arise, and valleys, wondrous fair —
Even while I gaze, a sudden shaft of fire
Makes yon tall pine blaze up, like some proud city spire.

X.

Oh, beautiful ! most beautiful ! — the things
I see around me ; — lovelier still to thought,
The fancies, welling from a thousand springs,
The presence of these images hath brought ;
The visions of the past were mine this hour,
And in my heart the pride of an o'ermastering power —

XI.

A power that could create, and from the dead
Draw life and gather accents. There are spells,
Known to the unerring thought, which freely shed
Light round the groping footstep, when rebels
The o'er-cautious reason, and the instinct fear,
Shrinks from its own huge shadow — they are here !

XII.

This is a spot — if there have ever been,
As ancient story tells in legends sooth,
Such forms as are not earthly, earthward seen,
Having strange shapes of beauty and of youth,
Then do I ween that this should be the spot
Where they should come, — and yet, I see them not.

XIII.

Yet have I prayed their presence with a tongue
Of song, and a warm fancy that could take,
From many-voiced expression, as she sung,
Her wingéd words of music, and awake
True echoes of her strain to win my quest,
And woo the coming of each spirit-guest.

XIV.

Yet have they come not, though my willing thought
Grew captive to my wild and vain desire ;
And in my heart meet pliancy was wrought,
To raise the forms, in seeming, I require ; —
And in this truant worship I bow'd down,
Since first night's shadows fell and made the forests
brown.

XV.

And sure no fitter spot had spirit sought,
For the soft-falling of star-pacing feet ;
This is the holiest wood, with flowers inwrought,
Having fresh odors of most heavenly sweet ;

Nor, in the daylight's coming, then, do these
Cathedral shadows fly, that lurk behind the trees.

XVI.

The wild-beast burrows not beneath our hill,
Nor hide these leaves one serpent. Gentlest doves
Brood in the pines at evening, seldom still,
With murmur through the night, of innocent loves :
And I have shaken, with no boyish trust,
From my own human feet, the base and selfish dust.

XVII.

And fancy hath been with me, to beguile
The stubborn reason into faith, and show
The subtle shapes, from fairy-land that while,
In gamesome dance, the wasted hours below ;
Meet lawn of green and purple, here is spread,
By nature's liberal hand, for fay's fantastic tread.

XVIII.

And memories of old song, the solemn strains
Of bards that gave themselves to holiest thought,
And gloried in their wild, poetic pains,
Were in my heart, and my wrapt soul was fraught
With faith in what they feigned, until my blood
Grew tremulously strong beneath my hopeful mood.

XIX.

And when the dark hours came, the twirling stars
Seem'd eyes, that darted on me keenest fires ;

Earth had her voice, and promised, through her bars,
To burst the bondage set on free desires —
And not a breath that stirr'd the flowers, but seem'd
The shadowy whisper from some shape I dream'd.

XX.

Yet vainly have I waited ! — not in vain !
What though no fairy won me with her song,
And beckoning finger — 'twas a nobler strain
That struck the ear of thought, and fill'd it long :
A mightier presence yet my soul o'eraw'd —
He was beside me : — I had been with God !

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd, I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow jeys,
And sit me down beside this little brook :
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries ;

And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, — none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring, in idlesse mood, on flower and tree,
And listening, as the voiceless leaves respire, —
When the far travelling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless store,
Of merry elves, bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old time lore, —
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch, — the root of an old oak,
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy, —
Is mine — and so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me ;
It hangs above the stream that idly plies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
While every sense, on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flower ;
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by, —
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell, that, like a slumber, press'd
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries, —
And, with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like — its sure and undisturb'd retreat,
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
The bending trees that overshade my form ;
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight, —
With a most lofty discontent, to fly,
Upward, from earth to sky.

THE APPROACH OF THE PESTILENCE.

I.

LET those who will with anxious dread
The coming danger still deplore,
And with dark boding fancies fed,
View all with fear that fills our shore.
Though not less fond of life than they,
And warmed by many a glowing hope,
Let me, in calm, the plague survey,
And with each threat'ning terror cope.

II.

Let me not watch, with idle fears,
Long in advance, the approaching doom,
And, before death himself appears,
Prepare the shroud and build the tomb —
But, with a heart securely calm,
Still on that Providence rely,
Which, if it blights, still brings its balm,
And strengthens, though it bids us die.

III.

Still let me hold to that high truth,
The best that God to man hath given,
To cheer in age, to teach in youth,
There is no certain hope but heaven.

And if I fall, and if the fate
That strikes the thousand, strikes at me,
And makes my fireside desolate,
And blights the bud and blasts the tree ;—

IV.

And from my fond affection rends
The child that still my heart has blest,
And robs my eye of many friends,
At least 'twill give them peace and rest.
And though the fate thus comes, 'twill be
But the same fate we still should meet,
When time has brought infirmity, —
Without restraint, without retreat.

V.

A few years lopt the human lot
Will only lose us years of care,
Affection's blight, and memory's blot,
And hope's defeat, and love's despair—
A fate no human skill can foil,
No place avert, no care evade —
A fate that brings release from toil,
And yields us mansions heavenly made. •

VI.

Father ! thus lesson'd, let my soul,
In calm the coming stroke await ;
Yet, do thou still the plague control,
And lengthen life, and limit fate—

And bid the stricken sufferer live,
And bid the city smile, and take
The curse away, the crime forgive,
For weeping nature's, mercy's sake.

A LAST PRAYER.

I.

SWEET be the laughing skies around,
And sunny flow'rs be seen,
And let a carpet strew the ground
Of summer's richest green—
Thus, when the weary strife is o'er,
Should still our parting be;
I would not have one heart deplore
When it remembers me.

II.

Lay me in pleasant earth's embrace
When all things smile around,
When eyes of gentleness may trace
Sweet blossoms on the ground—
When merriest birds delight to sing,
And chirping insects swell
A gracious note of early spring,
O'er the spot wherein I dwell.

III.

Not that, when slumbering in its shade,
My 'wilderer soul may dream,
That I shall hear one cricket's chirp,
Or wandering mock bird's scream;
But, at a time when all are glad,
If the dead may solaced be,
I would be sure, if aught was sad,
It was not so through me.

IV.

(I would not have a stone to mark
The place of my repose,
Nor, chronicled in clumsy verse,
The story of my woes—
My virtues, such as are my own,
In some true heart will bloom—
My vices, when I'm dead and gone,
Should moulder in my tomb.)

V.

There let the summer's leaflets blow,
And blossom 'neath the morn,
And primrose buds and daisies grow,
The moment spring is born—
And let the hours, a sweet serene,
Around my dwelling throng—
While birds and bees, with vocal hum,
Make merry all with song.

VI.

And if in life there be one heart
That song or speech of mine,
Counselled by erring sympathies,
Hath tutored to repine —
Let not that gentle heart upbraid,
With eye or aspect dim,
The father of the wayward verse,
When it remembers him.

VII.

Or, if the latest prayer be vain,
And some fond heart shall weep,
And pour above his grave a strain
Of memories, sad and deep ;
Let the tear fall in loneliness,
I would not crowds should see,
The dear, but silent intercourse,
Such heart shall hold with me.

SHADOWS.

I.

THE night is wild, but sweet to me
The uncertain music that it brings ;

And, o'er the darkly heaving sea,
I hear the rushing might of wings:—
That wailing wo that seems to brood
Along the bosom of the deep,
Wakes in my soul a kindred mood,
And I must watch, and may not sleep.

II.

Let me but muse,— and with no sound,
Save that which sleepless ocean bears,
To break the silence settling round,
And vex my sense, and check my tears;—
Be but this hour of gloom my own,
Give but my bosom's mood its way,
And, with my wayward thoughts alone,
Let memory have her holy away.

III.

A thousand shadows cross my sight,
A thousand voices fill mine ears;
Eyes, perish'd now, that once were bright,
Crowd, gathering round me, dim with tears!
Ghosts of a former day, they come,
With thousand fancies dear as they;
They lift me high, they bear me home,—
I'm in the morning of the day!

IV.

The roaring of the sea is still,
The wind is music, as, when first,

By Alton's wave and Oran's hill,
On childhood's eager ear, it burst :
No more a wanderer on the deep,
A homeless, hopeless child of care,
Eyes watch me now, with pride that weep,
And sweetest lips proclaim me dear.

v.

A word has brought them all once more—
The white-hair'd sire, the brother tall,
The gentle mother—she who bore,
Yet bless'd the pang, the worst of all,
That none but mothers ever know !—
The sturdy friend, as true as brave,
That stood between me and the foe,
And pluck'd me from the greedy wave.

vi.

Sweet, holy phantoms ! — how they rise !
They pass, they smile, they wave their hands,
And beckon, blessing, to the skies,
That open at their high commands !
Ah ! wherefore seek the wizard's power,
To bring us back the loved and lost,
When, by a prayer, and in an hour,
We scale the heavens and hail the host !

vii.

The heart hath in itself a spell,
More strong than wizard ever knew ;

'Tis but to cherish memory well,
 And keep the faith forever true;—
 To cast the clamoring world aside,
 Give the whole soul to thought and love,
 And heaven's blue portals open wide,
 And pity watches from above!—

VIII.

She watches, and her children come,
 White-wingéd charity and truth,—
 Hope, seraph of celestial bloom,
 As true as time and warm as youth;—
 They bear the boon the prisoner prays,
 God's first and fondest gift they bring,
 Primeval love!—whose blessed rays
 Send healing on affliction's wing.

IX.

Their light is on my heart,—the weight,
 That bore me down,—the cold, cold gloom,
 Are gone!—The raging hell of hate,
 That vex'd my spirit, gives it room:
 The sunlight warms my dungeon now,
 No more the sufferer sighs alone;—
 The fever passes from his brow,
 The sorrow and the night are gone.

X.

If now to die, when, from the heart,
 The hate and bitterness have fled,—

When selfish hopes and fears depart,
And love and truth remain instead ; —
'T were now to join that happy train,
That beckoning, bless, and upward fly ; —
To triumph in the past again,
And win the future, in the sky !

THE PRAYER OF THE LYRE.

How sweetly doth the night
Send forth her silvery light,
Sprinkling gay gleams along the slumbering sea ;
While gentle wings, that rise
In the far eastern skies,
Bring to the sense a sad, strange melody.

And silent is the crowd,
The voices, vex'd and loud,
That had been death to these sweet spells around —
Oh ! let us seek yon beach,
Where, full of solemn speech,
The billows wake our thoughts to themes profound.

Night is thought's minister,
And we, who rove with her,
Err not to seek her now in scene so bright —

Scene that too soon departs,
Yet meet for gentle hearts,
And, like the truth they pledge, lovely in heaven's own
sight.

'Twas in such hour as this,
When roused to heaven-wrought bliss,
The ancient bard's quick spirit smote the lyre ;
And, harmonizing earth,
Then music sprang to birth,
And claim'd, so sweet her form, a god to be her sire.

Then the wild man grew tame,
And from the hill-tops came
The shaggy-mantled shepherd with his flocks, —
And, as the minstrel sung,
Old fable found his tongue,
And raised a glittering form on all his rocks.

Is there no hope again,
For the high-chanted strain,
That stream'd in beauty then o'er mount and valley wide ;
When, from each hill and dell,
Down-brought by minstrel spell,
Bounding, the muses came, in joy from every side.

When, taught by spirits choice,
Each forest-thronging voice
Made music of its own for thousand listening ears ;

When every flower and leaf
Had its own joy and grief,
And wings ascending came from the less gifted spheres.

Shall the time, never more,
The old sweet song restore,
That made the stern heart gentle, and to all,
The vicious and the good,
The kind of heart and rude,
Brought spells that wrapped each soul in sweetest
thrall.

The sacred groves that then,
Showed spirit-forms to men,
And crowned high hopes and led to each most lofty
shrine,
The oracles that wore
Rich robes of mystic lore,
And taught, if not a faith, at least a song, divine:—

Still silent—will they keep
In a cold, death-like sleep,
Nor minister to man, nor soothe him as of old?—
Winning him from his sty, e,
To immortality,
Making each feeling true, making each virtue bold.—

Oh, will they not descend,
Sweet spirits, to befriend,

Bring back the ancient muse, bring back the golden
lyre —

Teach us the holier good,
Of that more pliant mood,

When self, untutored came, to light affection's fire ;—

When—yet untaught to build,

In some more favored field,

His cheerless cabin far from where the rest abode,—

He had no thought so free,

But his heart yearned to be

Bowed down, with all his tribe, to each domestic god.

Still keeps the sky as fair,

The pleasant moon is there,

And the winds whisper yet, as if upon them borne,

Spirits came still to earth,

Happy, as at its birth,

To rove its shadowy walks, now crowded and forlorn.

'Tis man alone is changed—

The shepherd—he who ranged

O'er the wild hills, a giant in the sun—

His soul and eye aloft,

His bosom strong, but soft,

With spirit, that fresh joy from each new season won.—

Look on him now—the slave !

Since that sad knowledge gave

The restless thirst that mocks at quiet good ;

The innocent joy no more,
That the old forest wore,
Nor yet the charm of song, may soothe his sleepless
mood.

Power's proud consciousness, —
How should it ever bless,
When still it prompts a dark and sleepless strife? —
A sleepless strife to sway,
And bear that spoil away,
Had been the common stock in his old shepherd life.

Ah, me! would time restore
The ancient faith — the lore,
That taught sweet dreams, kind charities and love,
Soothing the spirit's pride,
Bidding the heart confide,
Lifting the hope until its eye grew fixed above!

Once — once again, the song
That stayed the arm of wrong, —
Once more the sacred strain that charmed the shepherd's
rude;
Send it, sweet spirits, — ye
Who lift man's destiny, —
Once more, oh, let it bless our solitude.

Teach us that strife is wo,
The love of lucre low,
And but high hopes and thoughts are worthy in our aim;

Teach us that love alone,
Pure love, long heavenward flown,
Can bring us that sweet happiness we claim.

And with that sacred lore,
The shepherd loved, once more
Arouse the frolic beat of the hope-licensed heart,—
When, gathering in the grove,
Young maidens sang of love,
And no cold bigot came to chide the minstrel's art.

Then, were these teachers still—
This moon, yon quiet hill,
The sea, and more than all, the swelling breeze that
brings,
With every hour like this,
A dream of life and bliss,
With healing to the sad heart on its wings.

Then would the chanted strain,
Of the old bard, again,
Bring cheerful thoughts once more around the evening
fire ;
Then would the pure and young,
Such as the minstrel sung,
Once more rejoice to hear the young earth's infant lyre.

THE DESERTED HOME.

I.

All silent is the dwelling now,
Where pleasant voices rung,
And gone to waste the festal bower
Where tended garlands hung ;
And mute and motionless is all,
Once full of life and speech,—
Ah, me! how much of human wo
Does this sad ruin teach.

II.

How many hopes have here been crush'd,
As innocent as dear,
How many smiling eyes been taught
The language of a tear ; —
And dreams of early, rich delight,
Like specks upon the waste,
Have only come to cheat the sight,
While they defraud the taste.

III.

While thus I stand and look around
On scenes so lately gay,
And call to mind the happy tones
I heard but yesterday ;

That reverend father's friendly voice,
That merry maiden's song
That sank so deep into my heart,
And warm'd it well and long ; —

IV.

The wild-eyed boys that sprang to meet
When they beheld me near,
And, even the household dog, that crouch'd,
My sure caress to share ; —
All gone — the little paling down,
The grass above the stone ;
The shutter broken from its hinge,
And ruin there alone ; —

V.

I cannot weep, though sad the sight,
And sad the thought it brings,
Of what was dear, and what is lost,
Of sweet familiar things ; —
The voices at my heart grow dumb,
And like some lorn despair,
They echo in their loneliness
The silence that is here.

VI.

And grief is lost in great surprise
That in my manhood's noon,

I still should love the things so well,
That pass away so soon.
A flow'r that kiss'd me in a dream,
By zephyrs borne along,
Had fill'd my chamber with its bloom,
And lull'd me with its song ; —

VII.

An unsubstantial joy — the gift
Of warm and generous youth,
In one delirious moment fill'd
My yielding heart like truth ;
Till, in my fond forgetfulness,
A shadow and a bird,
Brought pictures to my pliant soul,
The sweetest seen and heard.

VIII.

The shadow and the bird are fled —
The kind hearts kindest known,
More sweet and swift than summer flow'rs,
Are faded all, and gone ;
They came like summer winds at night,
To win us with a breath,
Then sink, in quietude away,
To the pale groves of death.

THE HUMBLE LOT.

I WOULD I were yon peasant boy,
Content in humble sphere to move,
Whose dreams are ever dreams of joy,
Whose thoughts are ever thoughts of love —
Whom no exalted hope impels,
To change the home from childhood dear,
And leave those early hills and dells,
He may not find again but there; —
Whom not the gew-gaws of the gay,
Where fashion leads and folly leers,
Can tempt from virtue's paths to stray,
To taint the hopes of future years —
Exchanging old and certain friends,
For those that fool and then depart,
Until, from every tie he rends,
That once had holy made, his heart. —
Whose every morning sun still finds,
The humble follower of his plough,
Cheerful among the cheerful minds,
That make his fireside happy now!
He fills his fields with golden grain,
He crowns with plenty labor's board,
And blest with health, and free from pain,
Maintains no feud and fears no lord.
In clouds his brow is never seen,
But happy still in hope and health,
He views his fields and gardens green,

And has no thought of greater wealth.
The brook that through his valley steals
Down, murmuring to its quiet base,
Hears not the sigh of one who feels
A single wish to change his place.
He climbs the mountain's brow at morn,
Beholds the fields in verdure clad—
He weeps not that he e'er was born,
His heart — his very heart — is glad !

Ah ! would it were that we could change
The mind's condition with the form,
Nor sigh to rise, nor pine to range,
Nor clamor for the strife and storm —
Nor, vex'd with hopes denied, deplore
The higher promptings of the soul ;
Bewilder'd still by vexing lore,
That will not brook nor bear control —
Led by that wisp of thought which guides
Through fen and forest, wayward still,
'Till fancy's self grows sad, and chides,
And hope is sick, and love is chill !
I would I were, what I am not,
And knew not all that now I know,—
How sad my own, how sweet the lot
That peasant owns, I envy now !

APRIL.

I.

APRIL month! — it is the time,
When the merry birds do chime
Airy wood-notes, wild and free,
In half-budded bow'r and tree;
Rousing up, with gleesome cheer,
The slow servants of the year,
Where they took their winter sleep,
In earth's mansions, dark and deep;
Whatsoe'er they hap to be,
In green coat and livery. —
Roving wind, whose rosy mouth,
Odor'd by the sunny south,
Loves to press, as still he flies,
Beds of thousand luxuries —
Skimming still, as light he passes,
Pearly drops from glittering grasses,
That do yield their tribute free,
For the press of such as he. —
Budding flow'rs that ope to gain
Some sweet homage from his train,
And, with blushing lips receive,
What the rover deigns to give,
As, on hurried mission bent,
By the dove-eyed April sent,
He, to chase old winter's snows,
O'er the waste and valley goes.

II.

Month of bright, fantastic change,
Sweet, familiar, wild and strange,—
Time of promise, when the leaf
Has its tear of pleasant grief,—
When the winds, by nature coy,
Do both cold and heat alloy,
Nor, to either, will dispense
Their delighting preference;—
When the mother earth brings forth,
From her bosom all her worth;
Precious store, which, in her womb,
Hidden, through the winter's gloom,
Kept the sacred fires from harm,
Unextinguished still, and warm;—
When the old tree, flush of fruit,
Clothes himself in motley suit,
And, from waters, woods, and sky,
Comes the universal cry,—
Summer's first-born voices, springing
From their winter's sleep, and singing —
Sweetest song ! that speaks of time,
When fresh nature, in her prime,
Had no shadow, knew no chill,
To o'ertop the sunny hill,
Where kind spirits came to bless
Young creation's loveliness.

III.

Bosom'd April ! — she doth bring
A true promise of the spring,

Rich profusion, not to pall,
But to bless and honor all.
Are the frosts of winter down,
On your bald and yellow crown ?
Heed it not — your heart rejoices,
In the young-bird, April voices !
Virgin † budding like the season,
Love has now sufficient reason —
Look around, — sweet counsels rise,
For your young heart, to your eyes ;
And the tutors that you see,
Set your hopes and fancies free.
Have you felt the dream of love ?
Take your lesson from the dove ! —
Hope — by all these opening flowers,
Hope — by all these fruitful showers,
For the dream your heart beguiles,
Is of tears, and blooms, and smiles.
Lo ! the urchin, with keen eye,
As the season draweth nigh,
When, from school-book haply free,
He hath time and chance to see ;
How, with heart whose beat is mirth,
Leaps he o'er the yielding earth —
While his look is full of haste,
And his lips speak fresher taste,
And a smile of victory,
Twinkles in his roguish eye,
As he sees, in thicket deep,
Where the mother mockbirds keep,

And accounts secure, the spoil,
Which shall pay him for his toil.

IV.

Nor is he, the poet, less,
One the season loves to bless ! —
In the shelter of the wood,
With the sad nymph, solitude,
View him, as at dawn he roves,
In the doubtful light he loves.
With sad eye, yet cheeks all glowing,
And long hair all loosely flowing,
He beholds, with every view,
Something beautiful and new ; —
Something yet unknown before,
Fitted well to fill his store,
Garner'd up with other thought,
'Till the teeming brain hath wrought,
From their mingled treasures then,
Some undying gift to men. —
Studious, as he moves along,
What his lips shall give to song,
Where the moral shall be sought,
Which shall crown and strengthen thought ;
Where the flow'ret shall be placed,
Which the thought has nobly graced ;
And, what consecrated muse,
To receive it, he shall choose.

V.

Nothing doth he lose that lies,
Order'd well, beneath his eyes —
Not a ripple swells the tide,
But it is, to him, a guide,
And direction, which his lyre,
Will, in future song, require.
Doth the glow-worm meet his sight,
As with half-awakened light,
She would speed in shame away,
From the rapid, rushing day ? —
Doth the flower, that yester-e'en,
He hath in its beauty seen,
Growing in his evening walk,
Now lie withered on its stalk ? —
Nought is profitless he sees,
And he wins a truth from these,
Which shall teach a higher race,
Noblest thought and sweetest grace —
'Tis to him a joy to find,
Laws in nature for his mind, —
Counsellors of faith and trust,
Which, he knows, are ever just ;
Happy, if from wood or lake,
Hill or valley, he may take
Rules, for which his fellow looks,
In dull school and dismal books.

VI.

Nor, with laws of common life,
Only, is the season rife ; —
Dreams of other worlds arise
On the poet's roving eyes, —
Strong imagination's wing,
Bears him in its wandering,
And he sees, with curbless vision,
Scenes of hope, and homes elysian,
Where, in foreign climes and groves,
Dew-eyed contemplation roves,
By the old tradition won,
To the chambers of the sun,
When time's eyes were shrouded quite
'Neath the mantle of old night ;
And he sees, and weeps to see —
Such his sweet humanity —
Where the Inca dies, and this,
For the Spaniard's avarice.

VII.

Slumbering then in noon-tide bower,
Lo ! a new life fills the flower,
Fit, but foreign, not its own,
Making of the flower a throne ;
And converting all around,
Into deep, forbidden ground.
'Tis the season of the year
When the fairy tribes appear,

Kindred things with bud and bird,
Born with them, and in them heard.
When, at noon, the forests sleep,
Then, the whispering urchins creep,
Perch'd on nodding limbs, look down,
Where, on leaves, by winter brown,
The sad poet dreams, and sees,
What the prompting prattlers please.
Lull'd by sweet discourse, he lies,
With bound limbs and seal'd up eyes,
'Till, at night, they set him free,
To behold their company,
Dancing, in the holy shade,
On the plain their feet have made,
To the music of the breeze,
Sweetest of all melodies,
'Neath the moon's ascending blaze,
That trims the forest with her rays,
And, in her benignant mood,
Silver-laces all the flood !

VIII.

There they sport, and who but they,
Happy in such infant play,
Tossing, in their random rout,
Fruits and flowers and leaves about.
While the poet, 'neath the tree,
Looks on their festivity,
The sweet fancy ever near,
Pours a legend in his ear —

Points his eye from all apart,
Brooding on her own sad heart,
Where a gentle maiden looks,
Watchful, on the winding brooks.
'Tis by sentence of their king,
That, until the lilies spring,
Floating free, like sad blue eyes,
Where the waters sleep and rise,
That her rebel lover be,
Bound in tough and close pegg'd tree,
And she watches there to note
The young blue water-lilies float.

IX.

Cruel Oberon! to part
Flow'r and moon-beam — heart and heart!
But they soon shall meet again,
For the gentle wind and rain,
Have been busy all the night,
Bringing summer's train to light,
And the fairy maid shall hear,
Love's own language fill her ear.
Now she starts with joyful eye, —
In the stream is rising high,
That sweet flow'r whose first appearing
Brings to her the hope so cheering;
And she laughs, for, by her side,
Stands he now in youthful pride; —
And the happy people round,
Glad to see the boy unbound,

From green bush and bending tree,
Leap in wild festivity.
But Titania's cricket chiding,
They obey her summons, gliding,
One and all, with common motion,
As she sails along the ocean,
Bent for hidden islands where
Mortal bark may never steer.
All is rapture in their flight,
Melody and young delight,—
And they gather, void of care,
With the lowly world so near,—
From blue heaven and shining sea,
Strains of untouch'd harmony.
Many a shell is wound to-night,
Many a mermaid's bower is bright,
As her lover leaps in sight,
From a moon-beam, in a shower
Of its silver, for a dower! —
Happy race! that may explore,
Sounding sea and silent shore,—
Fill the void with leaping forms,
Travel, heedless of its storms.
Who so happy in the sky
And its home of purity? —
Who so happy in the air,
With the sad night-music there? —
Who, that skims the ocean, dwells
'Mid the notes of such sweet shells,
In the sea-wall'd coral bower,

Which defies the storm-god's power —
As the race thus let to pierce,
All the secret universe,
And, before the time is given,
Win the happiness of Heaven ?

X.

'Twas an April dream, yet sure,
Such as ever must endure,
While the poet has a thought,
Or the web of fancy's wrought.
Kindred thus with nature's store,
Worthy of her sweetest lore, —
'Tis a proper wing that flies,
To dominions of the skies ;
And, to lowly earth, down brings,
Owners for such blessed things,
As, around us, spread the joys,
Which our reckless hand destroys.
For a gentler race, the flower,
Fills the air with sweetest breath ;
For another world, the show'r,
Bright and pearl-like, gems the heath ;
The green leaf that makes the bower,
And the bird whose fluted throat,
With a wild and lavish power,
Wasteful of its wanton note,
Sure, were meant to bless the elves,
Which are gentle like themselves.

XI.

Sweetest April — could it be,
That our hearts were worthy thee,
And could take a gentle tone,
Such as ever marks thine own;
We were happy with the things,
That thy presence ever brings.
What, throughout the live-long year,
With thy freshness can compare —
Where the day whose dewy sweetness,
And the night whose touching fleetness,
And the sky whose purer splendor,
And the flower whose petal tender,
Bright and sweet, howe'er they be,
Which may match, sweet month, with thee!

WHILE THE SILENT NIGHT GOES BY.

While the silent night goes by,
And the winds have scarce a sigh,
And the hours seem not to move,
Do I think of thee, my love.

And the moonlight's on the hill,
And the voice of man is still,
Silent, in our walks, I rove,
And I think of thee, my love.

Every thing recalls thee now,
And I see thy maiden brow,
Large dark eyes that sweetly rove,
With a gentle fear, my love.

There is yet a richer spell
In thy bosom's virgin swell,
And its timid beatings prove,
All thy truth to me, my love.

Walks thy spirit now with mine,
In the calm and cold moonshine—
Dost thou seek in sleep our grove,
Dost thou dream of me, my love?

TO A WINTER FLOWER.

I.

WHEN winter comes with icy mien,
To silver o'er this little brook,
Upon its banks thy form is seen,
By all forsook.

II.

No shrub then lingers on the plain,
To feed the warm and watchful gaze;

Nor blade of grass the fields retain,
Nor sprig of maize.

III.

Far as the searching eye may bend,
O'er gentle slope and bedded vale,
The barren, cheerless woods extend,
Thou tell'st their tale.

IV.

Thou, of the autumn train the last,
A mournful truth thy form conveys,
Thou lingering relic of the past,
And brighter days.

V.

No other flow'r, that late could vie,
Superior once in bloom to thee,
May now unfold, beneath the sky,
Its pageantry.

VI.

Struck in the sullen clod too deep,
Thy roots the wintry winds defy,
And while thy thousand brethren sleep,
Thou lift'st thine eye.

VII.

What secret spring of life is thine,
And what art thou, pale flow'r, to gain

Such partial favor, thus to shine
Last of thy train ?

VIII.

Unhurt, when all around are dead,
Unshrinking, though the blasts arise,
And lifting still thy fearless head,
In fearful skies.

IX.

Such lot, methinks, can ne'er be blest,
To feel ourselves in life alone,—
A late, and watchful, lingering guest,
When all are gone !

THE FALSE AND TRUE.

I.

I DREAMED of a glory of many hues,
A rainbow spann'd in the azure skies ;
And still,—as the thoughtless boy pursues
Wherever the gaudy insect flies,—
I chased it afar from land to land,
A glowing thing of many cares—
I caught it at last in my feverish hand,
And, at the same instant, it turned to tears.

II.

Yet while I wept at the bow's decay,
Another rose in the clear blue sky,
And I heard a voice that seem'd to say,
"Again pursue, and it will not fly,—
For this is the true, the lasting light,
The other a semblance and born to fade;—
This is the being of endless bright,
The other of earth and a thing of shade."

III.

Thus pleasure that springs from the lasting heav'n,
An image hath in the world below ;
By sorrows and tears, alone, 'tis given,
The sweet and the real from the false to know ;—
And when by one false form betray'd —
A goodly lesson for heart and eye,—
Thou wilt choose the glory that may not fade,
And win the blessing that cannot die.

HYMN AT EVENING.

I.

Bright the sun is sinking
In the blue wave, drinking
Glory from his blaze ;

And, no longer sleeping,
Lo ! the night star leaping,
Wins his latest rays.

II.

Down, his chariot driven,
Leaves the cope of heaven,
Robed with yellow fleece ;
While a softer glory
O'er yon promontory
Swells aloft in peace.

III.

Source of every blessing,
All beyond expressing,
That a god may give ;
Type of light and being
Seen by all, all seeing,
In thy glance we live.

IV.

Though we dwell with sorrow
Yet thy ray to-morrow,
Shall remove our chain ;
Thou wilt banish sadness,
Thou wilt bring us gladness,
When thou com'st again.

V.

And, this blessed even,
Take our prayer to heaven —

If to-night we die,
That—through death's dark portal
More than thee, immortal—
We may win the sky.

SONG IN SPRING.

THE spring hath many garments,
And puts gay colors on,
And pearls of dewy morning
She gathers for the sun ;
And deck'd with many flow'rs,
She dances with the hours.

And gentle winds attend her
From many a southern sea,
That come with tribute laden,
So musical and free —
In forests couch'd with roses
Her virgin form reposes.

And when the sun is sinking
In sadness from the sky,
She warbles for the twilight
Her soothing lullaby ;
And with the lingering hours,
She puts to sleep the flow'rs.

Oh, gentle spring, I love thee,
Thy pleasant dews and airs,
The freshness of thy countenance
When winter disappears —
The bird that with thee singest,
And the rich red buds thou bringest.

TO

'Twas meant for thee, when all look'd dark,
And ev'ry friend my childhood knew,
Shrunk from the slight and vent'rous bark,
As fearless o'er the waves it flew —
Unshaken still, to keep thy faith,
And through each gloomy storm that came,
To shield me, in thy pray'rs, from scath,
To keep me, in thy words, from blame.

When narrow fears beset the base,
And selfish hopes o'ercame the mean,
'Twas love alone, whose gentle face,
Look'd still unchanged through all the scene;
And, with the darkness of the hour,
Thy truth but more conspicuous shone,
As some sweet star, when clouds have power,
Looks proudly out from heaven, alone!

Shall I not love thee, evermore,
Thou more than planet guide to me,
Whose gentle light, on sea and shore,
Still spoke thy true heart's constancy ?
Oh, be time's changes what they will,
They cannot change that sleepless thought,
That tells, — that teaches of thee, still,
By thee, for evermore, still taught.

A LAY IN WINTER.

WHEREFORE, oh, winter, hast thou left thy tower,
Rashly to break into this sacred bower,
Thou, with thy dusky brow,
And lip of snow ?

I raised this bower beneath a fruitful breeze,
When suns were bright in April, and the trees
Had each, in summer's gear,
Commenced the year.

I built it with a fond and curious art,
I built it for a creature of the heart —
Its flowers and leaves I wove,
To win her love.

Even as a shrine and shelter from the storm,
Meet for a true affection, and a form,

Its crowning and blest flower—
I raised this bower!

And April, as if joining in my toil,
Called forth a thousand shrubs from out the soil—
And green and purple gems
Hung on their stems.

Then came the enamor'd zephyrs through the day,
And here they took their wild and various play,
Singing, till all the grounds
Grew sweet with sounds.

And she I loved — when rose the yellow moon,
High in the blue ethereal — follow'd soon,
Her voice of sweetest fear
Thrilling mine ear.

Here, without witness, that broad moon beside,
The sacred cords of well-placed love we tied,
And words I may not tell
Between us fell.

That time is gone — thou tenantest the bower,
Expelling all beside, with ruthless power—
Rending the quiet woods,
Trampling the buds.

The sacred shrine of love is overthrown—
The affrighted sweet divinity withdrawn,

And thy usurping foot
Beyond dispute.

I challenge not thy sway, nor fear its gloom —
The storms that make thy sov'reignty, become,
Now, that the lov'd is lost,
My bosom's frost.

And, since I may not the belov'd restore,
To share their raptures with me as before,
I care not for the bower,
The leaf or flower.

They would remind my spirit, in the few,
Sad trophies, which the season might renew,
Of what, in all life's spring,
They could not bring.

For her I raised the bower, that she might make
Its loveliness to me — and, for her sake,
The leaves were taught to glow,
The buds to blow.

Ah! might they but behold her once again,
And she come back to sway their summer train —
Alas! the idle prayer
Freezes in air!

Yet, but a little while, and thou wilt be
An exile, monarch winter, sad like me —

To some far desert gone,
Howling and lone !

Oh, seated on her bow, when Summer comes
Cover'd with leaves, sweet airs, and flow'ry blooms —
Go, — fling thy sceptre down,
She wears thy crown !

A WINTER LAY IN SPRING.

PROUDLY, oh ! proudly, in the bright sun's eye,
Which kindles all things that beneath it lie,
The queenly spring brings forth
The flowers of earth.

And nature gladdens in the green array,
And all her subjects put on holiday —
The tree, all leafless late,
Its blossoms delicate.

There is no angry cloud upon the gale,
There is no brooding shadow on the vale —
The forests leap with life,
The city hath its strife.

But thou, that made to me, forest and town,
Wear a fresh look of beauty not their own —

Persuading me, through thee,
All things to see ! —

Thou wilt no more behold that sun's bright eye,
Nor pluck the flow'rs, nor watch the blessed sky —
Nor, in hope blossoming spring,
Hear the wild mockbird sing.

Oh, never more will these, in forest shade,
Put on their winning aspect, to persuade
Thy heart to those sweet bounds,
That timed all natural sounds !

To thee, their charms are as a wing gone by,
A bright clear wing, whose tints were wove on high,
Glorious in earth's esteem,
But still its dream.

Well valued once, they may no more control —
Thou dost regard no longer what thy soul,
With the true mother taste
Had still embraced.

Yet do the seasons, as they come, restore
The thousand joys that won us both before : —
They bring, alas ! for me,
All things but thee.

SHEPHERD'S HYMN.

PARAPHRASED FROM TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

Oh, when I rove the desert waste, and 'neath the hot
sun pant,
The Lord shall be my shepherd then, he will not let me
want ;
He'll lead me where the pastures are of soft and shady
green,
And where the gentle waters rove the quiet hills
between.

And when the savage shall pursue, and in his grasp I
sink,
He will prepare the feast for me, and bring the cooling
drink ;
And save me harmless from his hands, and strengthen
me in toil,
And bless my home and cottage lands, and crown my
head with oil.

With such a shepherd to protect, to guide and guard
me still,
And bless my heart with every good, and keep from
every ill,
Surely, I shall not turn aside and scorn his kindly care,
But keep the path he points me out, and walk forever
there.

"OH, BID ME NOT."

OH, bid me not, with smiling eye,
Relate the cause of all my pain,
For when you smile, alas! I sigh,
And when you're sad, I sigh again.

The smile, the sigh, from thee that flows,
Must still a source of anguish be ; —
Unless the smile, to bless me, glows,
Unless the sigh is breathed for me.

"STILL ON THE DESERT."

STILL on the desert, dark and lone,
In vain, with searching sense, I rove,
To find — sad hope, since thou art gone —
Some gentle spirit free to love.

A hopeless quest, yet when I droop,
O'ercome with grief and wan despair,
Upward, I seek the heavenly troop,
And grieve no more, for thou art there.

CHUCKWILL'S WIDOW.

THE CAROLINA WHIPPOOR-WILL.

COULD we revive that ancient mood,
Which deem'd each fable true,
When spirits walked in every wood,
Unveil'd to human view—
It were not with improper taste,
That in yon widow'd bird we placed
Some hapless soul we knew—
Such tones were not unmeet to prove
A fruitless or a guilty love!

Without a voice or wing by day,
The night comes scarcely on,
Before that wild, remorseful lay,
Of sorrow, is begun.
Monotonously sad, its scream
Seems uttered in some fearful dream,
The spirit still would shun—
As if some dreadful fate were nigh,
With bony hand and spectral eye.

Dirgelike and drear, it well might be
The wail of one, whose doom,
Voiced by unerring destiny,
Is still to watch the tomb—
To tell the tale—to mourn the fate,
Of him whose life was desolate,
Made up of many a gloom—

Of him, whose soul, all smear'd in guilt,
Did penance still for life-blood spilt.

Yet sadder to our thought, it were,
Thus sorrowing, to survive—
When all is lost, how vain the care,
How worse than vain to live!
The doom of the destroyed were nought
To that severer doom of thought,
The nightly toil must give :
'Tis not the dead that suffer—they
Who mourn the dead are sorrow's prey.

Thine is the note that well appeals
To every human heart—
And well, in every breast that feels,
A minister thou art ;—
And thus, where'er the thousand throng,
I hear for aye that willow-song,
And well can bear my part—
'Till, when the strain no longer flows,
I wonder at the strange repose.

DECAYING BEAUTY.

Oh, lovely were once her eyes, but grief
Their light hath now o'erclouded ;
And her lips were sweet, like the budding leaf,
Though now their bloom be shrouded—

For, in her heart, a malady,
Like the canker worm in the rose,
Preys ever there, unceasingly,
And gives her no repose.

It is sad to think, in a few short hours,
We shall look on her no longer,
For the glance gives sign of the failing powers,
And the pang grows hourly stronger ;
We shall lose the balm of her budding breath,
We shall hear her voice no more ;
We shall see those sweet eyes sealed in death,
That we once could so adore.

Yet shall I not weep, though losing all,
For many long days, I so have loved ;
The tear that from mine eyes would fall,
My thought has well reprov'd :
For hers has been a doom'd life,
And those who love her well, should pray,
That she may quickly lose the strife,
Which has eaten her heart away.

'TIS A LOWLY GRAVE.

'Tis a lowly grave but it suits her best,
Since it breathes of fragrance and speaks of rest,

And meet for her is its calm repose,
Whose life was so stormy and sad to its close.

'Tis a shady dell where they laid her form,
And the hills gather round it to break the storm,
While above her head the bending trees,
Arrest the wing of each ruder breeze.

A trickling stream as it winds below,
Has a music of peace in its quiet flow,
And the buds that are ever in bloom above,
Tell of some ministering spirit's love.

It is sweet to think, that when life is o'er,
And life's fever'd pulses shall fret no more,
There still shall be one, with a fond regret,
Who will not forsake, and who cannot forget:

One kindlier heart, all untainted by earth,
That has kept the fresh bloom from its bud and its birth,
Whose tears for the sorrows of youth shall be shed,
And whose pray'r shall still rise for the early dead.

SONG IN MAY.

Oh, delicately sweet these spring-time hours,
And in the bosom of the gushing air,

The gather'd odors of the opening flow'rs
Win the rejoicing sense to wander there.

E'en winter, soothed unto a gentler spirit,
Foregoes, at last, his long-protracted sway ;
Throws by his robe of storms, unfit to wear it,
And revels in the genial arms of May.

A bird-like voice hymns through the fragrant hours,
The triumph of the queen whose sway it owns,
And the unquiet zephyr, clothed in flow'rs,
In winter's own domain, builds up her thrones.

O'er the broad earth there is no touch of sadness,
The blue deeps have their freshness, and the sky
Is redolent of many a spring of gladness,
That makes it almost criminal to sigh.

Yet, doth the destiny of man inherit,
A higher aim than well befits his clay —
A long, deep doubt hangs o'er the yearning spirit —
Must things so rich and lovely pass away ?

They must — yet from their fate a moral cherish,
Meet for the soaring soul and upturn'd eyes ;
From out the lowly grave wherein they perish,
Shall spring a glorious life that never dies.

THE STORY OF GOD'S JUDGMENT.

I.

A GRAND-DAM, by the cottage door,
At evening, when the sun
Left hues among the forest trees
That gilded every one,
Thus, in the grandchild's listening ear,
Who gathered at her knee,
"A tale of God's own judgment, child,
Thy mother tells to thee.

II.

"A tale of God's own judgment, child,
And how the deed was known,
And how they took the murderer,
And punishment was done—
Give ear, and thou shalt hear, my child,
And heedful be thy sense,
For know that crime, or soon or late,
Will have intelligence.

III.

"Will have intelligence, my child,
And find a tongue, whose sound,
Like church-bell in the wilderness,
Will rouse the people round.—
Would'st hear this cruel tale, my child?"
The young boy, at her knee,

Upstarted, and with accent wild,
Cried,—“tell it, dame, to me.”

IV.

The listening boy had eager ears,
The dame began the tale—
“Just where the town of Macon stands
There ran the Indian trail;—
'Twas there the cruel deed was done,
There was no Macon then,
And but a single house was there,
Kept by two aged men.

V.

“Two old men in the wilderness,—
They kept the house that stood
Upon the Indian trail that ran
All winding through the wood—
And there the traveller stay'd by night,
Who journey'd o'er the sands,
'Way on, in Alabam', to look,
Upon the prairie lands.

VI.

“'Way down, for Alabam', my child,
A-seeking lands, one day,
Three strangers, to the old men's house,
Came riding on their way—

Two were rough men, with grisly beards,
And coarse and rude of speech,—
But the other was a gentleman,
And far above their reach.

VII.

“Aye, far above their reach was he,
That gentleman so fair,
With a sweet smile and countenance,
And long and sandy hair,—
He talked with them, and freely told
The business that he had,—
And how there was a maiden fair,
Whose smiles had made him glad.

VIII.

“Her smiles had made him glad, you see,
And he was bent to find
A pleasant spot and fruitful lands,
To satisfy her mind —
And they were to be wed as soon
As, finding what he sought,
He should convey the tidings home,
Of lands which he had bought.

IX.

“To buy the lands in Alabam’,
The richest prairie there,
With thoughtless hand he opened wide
The wallet that he bare—

Nor mark'd the eyes, so full of sin,
They fixed upon the book,—
Nor, sudden, how they cast them down,
Lest he should see the look.

X.

“ He did not see the look, alas !
Else he were much to blame,
To go a-travelling on with them,
When the next morning came.
And on they started by the dawn,—
The twain were first abroad,—
But soon the youthful gentleman
Came riding down the road.

XI.

“ And riding down the road so wild,
You would have thought the three,
So frank was that young gentleman,
Were all one company.
And pleasantly enough they went,
'Till towards noon they came
To an old Indian settlement —
Chilicté was its name.

XII.

“ Chilicté was its name, my child,
But all deserted then—
'Twas by the burial place alone,
You knew the homes of men.

The woods grew thick about the spot,
And rough the hills around,
And silence had her dwelling where
The owl alone was found.

XIII.

"The owl alone had dwelling there,
And when the night came down,
He hooted through the misty air,
And claim'd it for his own—
And through that forest came the three,—
The path grew hard to find,
And while the youth rode on with one,
The other dropp'd behind.

XIV.

"He dropp'd behind with cruel thought,
And while his comrade spoke,
With heavy arm and loaded whip,
He struck a sudden stroke—
And down the light-haired stranger fell,
As quickly and as low
As heavy ox, that swims and reels
Beneath the butcher's blow.

XV.

"It was a butcher's blow he gave,
And wild the stranger cried,
To spare his life, and let him live
For her who was his bride.

But they had not a thought for her,
And spoke an idle jest—
Then knelt, and stuck the fatal knife
Twice, deep into his breast.

XVI.

“Twice, deeply did they stick the knife,
And no more prayer had he :
One blow had been enough for life—
He perished instantly.
And from his breast they took the spoil,—
The money which had bought
Their souls for that old serpent, child,
That all this mischief wrought.

XVII.

“The mischief all was wrought, and vain
To wish it now undone ;—
They took the body up, and hid
The secret from the sun.
And in a hollow of the hills,
In that old Indian town,
They stript the dead man silently,
And dropped the body down.

XVIII.

“They dropped him down, nor buried him,
But left him bleeding, bare ;
Though well they knew, at night, the wolf
And wild cat would be there.

And then, with fear that look'd behind,
They rode upon their way,
And thought they heard upon the wind,
A voice that bade them stay.

XIX.

"A voice that bade them stay, they heard,
And then a laugh and scream,
And such they heard in after years,
In many a midnight dream —
But on they rode, nor linger'd then,
And, day by day, they went,
'Till, like the wealth of drinking men,
The money all was spent.

XX.

"The money all was spent, and so —
(Now years had past) — they thought,
To part awhile, and each pursue
The scheme his fancy taught;
And one went down to New Orleans,
The other, hardier yet,
Took the same road on which, before,
The murder'd youth he met.

XXI.

"The murder'd youth, on that same road,
He met, long years before,
And, with a sinner's hardihood,
The spot he travell'd o'er —

'Till as the evening shadows fell,
In glimpses, through the trees,
The reedy-rimmed Ockmulgé
By Macon town, he sees.

XXII.

"By Macon town — 'what change is here !
The place is not the same.'
He looks, — a city rises there,
He does not know its name.
The old fort is in ruins too,
He marks the broken guns,
Some tumbled to the very brink,
Where dark Ockmulgé runs.

XXIII.

"He sees the dark Ockmulgé run,
And now he draws him nigh,
But neither boat nor boatman comes,
Although he shouts full high —
Yet, while he looks, a silent skiff
Shoots outward from the banks,
Where osiers and the matted canes,
Stand up in solid ranks.

XXIV.

"From out their solid ranks, the skiff
Shoots silent on the stream —
The murderer looks, — he shuts his eyes,
And feels as in a dream ; —

For who should paddle then that skiff
Upon the swelling flood,
But the same youth, that, years before,
He murder'd down the road.

XXV.

“ The youth they murder'd down the road,
The knife stuck in his breast !—
Two cruel wounds, and each a death,
Yet there he would not rest.
Wild grew the murderer's spirit then,
And white as chalk his cheek —
And when the boatman's bark drew nigh,
He had no word to speak.

XXVI.

“ He had no word to speak to him —
The boatman waved his hand ;
And with no thought, yet full of fear,
He came at his command —
And trembled much, tho' much he strove
His shiv'ring dread to hide ; —
And held the bridle of his steed,
That swam the skiff beside.

XXVII.

“ The good steed swam beside the skiff,
And though he held the rein,
It were a speech too much to say
He thought of him again.

His thought was of that boatman there,
And of the by-gone time,
When journeying down that very road
He did the deed of crime.

XXVIII.

"The deed of crime was in his thought,
And all his limbs were weak ; —
He strove in vain — his tongue was parch'd,
And no word could he speak :
A cold wind went through all his bones, —
His hair stood up on end, —
To slay him then, had surely been
The kindness of a friend.

XXIX.

"The kindness of a friend is not
For him who slays, like Cain,
The brother, who, beside him, goes,
Confiding, on the plain —
And so, the murderer reached the shore,
And, with a desperate speed,
He dash'd the passage-money down,
And leapt upon his steed.

XXX.

"He leapt upon his steed and flew,
Nor looked upon the way ;
Nor heeded that remember'd voice
That loudly bade him stay ;

‘How came ye o’er the river, friend?’
Cried one, who marked his flight, —
‘When the boat was swamp’d in the heavy fresh,
And the ferryman drown’d, last night?’

XXXI.

“The ferryman died last night, friend,
And the boat lies high and dry, —
And well I know no steed can ford,
When the river runs so high.’
There was fearful sense in every word,
And the murderer’s brain grew wild,
For still he heard, for evermore,
The cryings of a child.

XXXII.

“The cryings of a child he heard,
And a voice of innocence —
Then a pleading note, and a prayer of doom,
To the awful providence.
And, ever and anon, a crash,
Like the sov’reign thunder, came, —
And he shut his eyes, for out of the wood
There leapt a flash of flame.

XXXIII.

“There leapt a flash of flame, and so,
With a blindness strange, he flew,
And the goodly steed that then he rode,
Alone the pathway knew, —

And the blood grew cold in his bosom, when
He reached the town he sought, —
And down he sank on the tavern steps,
And had no farther thought.

XXXIV.

“He had no thought, but in a swoon,
For a goodly hour he lay;
And the gathering crowd came nigh, and strove
To drive his sleep away.
And while they wondered much, he woke,
His eye glared strange with light —
For the face of the murdered man, again
Peer'd down upon his sight.

XXXV.

“Downward the eyes of the murdered man
Peer'd ever as he lay;
And with fury then the murderer rose,
Like one in a sudden fray —
And he drew from his bosom a deadly knife,
And, with no let, he ran,
And plunged it deep in the breast of him
Who looked like the murdered man,

XXXVI.

“He looked like the murder'd man no more;
For as, with the stroke he fell,
The madness fled from the murderer's eyes,
And he knew his own brother well. —

'Twas that same brother, who with him slew
The youth, many long years gone ;
And the fearful doom for that evil deed
Will now be quickly done.

XXXVII.

"'Twill soon be done, for the judge is there,
And they read the doom of death, —
And he told the tale of his evil life,
With the truth of a dying breath.
They hung him high where the cross roads meet,
Close down by the gravel ford ;
And they left his farther doom, my child,
To the ever blessed Lord."

XXXVIII,

Upstarted then that listening boy, —
"Now tell me, oh, tell me, dame, —
And how of the sweet young lady,
And what of her became ?
Who told her, then, of the gentle youth,
And how, in that Indian glen,
The knife was stuck in his bosom,
By the hands of those cruel men."

XXXIX.

"Out, out, my child, — was it right to tell
Such a tale to the maiden true ? —
They had no name for the murdered man,
And so she never knew.

And they had no word to comfort her,
And paler her cheek grew, day by day, —
Till the cruel grief, ere a year had gone,
Had eaten her heart away."

THE FOREST GRAVE.

DEATH takes not his abode, alone, where crowds
Gather for many purposes — where pride
Erects his habitation, and the rout
Of spirits, schooled against austerity,
Meet in licentious revel; — but even here,
Where the deer stalk in safety, and the wild,
Unrified of its rich virginity,
Is ruled by sov'reign nature as at first —
Here death has built his melancholy shrine,
And the small mound of turf beneath our feet,
Hath proof that he has claim'd his sacrifice,
And, monarch of all time and every place,
Has made life render up his trembling staff,
And, like some outlaw, reckless of accompt,
Hath eased him of his burden.

Shall we ask —
What were thy fortunes, sleeper? — In what part,
Native or foreign, of earth's wilderness,
Didst thou begin thy journey? Was thy life,

Honor'd by gifts of goodness—smear'd by guilt—
Baffled by fortune—hard beset with foes ;
Or, cast away in thy own recklessness,
By profligate waste of days ?

All in vain,

This idle quest—yet not to virtue vain,
If, from thy grave, an upward voice might rise,
To give us answer. Nothing may we know
From thy sealed lips and silent dwelling place !—
My own blood may have circled in thy heart,
Yet know I nought of thee, and cannot know.

Yet may the general aspect of thy lot
Be traced in this thy sepulchre ! Thy thought,
Was one that kept thee sleepless. Thou hast hoped,
With an unyielding, vexing discontent,
For wealth or honors ; those delusive gauds,
That dazzle the best eyes, and still defeat
The wisest aims of greatness !—or hast sinned,
Beyond forgiveness of thy fellow. God,
The prince of infinite power, if thou hast prayed,
Will grant what man denied thee. Thou hast strove
Against thy neighbor's greatness. Thou hast dared
Be bold against him, when the power was his
To crush thee with a finger. Thou hast fled
His keen pursuit of vengeance, and the doom
Of exile hath been writ against thy name,
Being thy moral death :—the rest is here !

I read the story of thy folly here —
Thy folly, or thy fortunes. Thou hast wronged
Thy fellow, in denying him thy trust! —
Thy nature asked for confidence — its laws
Commanded thy dependance. Thou wast bade,
Be humble in thy aim, and love thy kind,
Even when it wronged thee. Hast thou yielded love,
Or trust, to him that sought it? Didst thou yield
Meet deference to thy better — to the wise,
Having the nation's rule? Or didst thou shake
Thy bold hand in defiance, and depart,
Calling down vengeance in red bolts from heaven,
To do thee justice in consuming flame?
Would thou couldst answer! It may be, thy tale
Were of the world's injustice — the worse wrong,
That of the many striving 'gainst the one.
Thou couldst unfold a grievance which should bring
A pang to hearts of honor — a cold sweat
On brows, that feel thy argument was theirs —
Thy cause, the cause of freedom. He who stands,
As I, above thy forest-sheltered sleep,
May read a story in thy dwelling-place.
Thy steps were from thy home of many hours,
From time of youth's first blossoming. Thy grief —
The grief which stretched thee on the bed of death —
Came with thy exile. Thou wast banished all,
And death, that met thee, was a comforter,
To guide thee to a dwelling, and prepare
A couch, and give thee shelter from the night,
Fast coming on; and storm that followed close,

Pursuing thee, as still the storm pursues
The banished and unfriended. Thou hast sunk
To thy last sleep, untroubled by the cares
That throng about the city bed of death—
No idle tramp of men has followed thee;
A hurried hand—perchance, a thoughtless heart—
Hath scooped thee out a grave some three feet deep,
And left thee in the solitude to God!

The heart hath better hopes. Humanity
Springs up beside the pathway, like a flower,
That takes the wasteness from the wilderness,
And sweetens its bleak waters. I have hope
Thou wert not all untended at the last.
Some hand hath smoothed thy pillow, when disease
Kept thee awake through the long, dreary night.
Thy birth had friends and parents. Childhood came,
And brought with it a livelier fellowship,
And boyhood gave thee sympathy and sport.
And were there none of all thy fellowships—
Was there no parent in thy last sad hour,
Nor she thou lov'dst in childhood—nor the boy,
Who mated out with thee in roguish play,
The measure of thy laughing pranks erewhile,
Beside thee, when thou groan'dst in agony?
And in the trying moment, when earth reel'd
Around thee, and the skies began to fade,
And darkness fill'd thy chamber, and gaunt death
Dragged thee about and wrestled with thy frame,
Already overborne—and hurl'd thee down

Never to rise—was it a friend long tried
Who decently composed thy stiffened limbs,
And spread thy pall above thee; or strange men,
Whom thou hadst never seen, and couldst not see,
To whom thy fortune, most unnatural,
Gave up this mournful office? Did they take
Thy frame, and scooping out a shallow bed,
That gave thee scarce a shelter from the rain,
Consign thee, with a word, unto thy tomb—
With vague conjecture, scanning all the while
Thy hopes, thy fortune, and thy loneliness?
Had all deserted thee that loved before?
Or was 't that thou, in wilfulness of mood,
Self-banish'd, fled the many who had loved,
Deplore thy error still, and weep thy loss?
Did none come near to give thee medicine,
Or smooth thy pillow down, support thy head,
Watch by thy midnight couch, and still attend,
With an officious tenderness and zeal,
Which makes the patient smile through every pang,
And bless the malady, however deep,
That brings along with it such pleasant cares?

And all that infancy and boyhood brought—
Mother and mistress—schoolmate, brother, friend—
Thy manhood took from thee, even in the hour,
When most their cares had help'd thee! Such was not
Thy feeling, when in manhood's health and strength,
Thou fled'st from the great city, with a pride,
That made thy errors look like nobleness,

And kept thee in them. In that hour of death,
Feeble and prostrate, what a mockery seem'd
That spirit-exulting which had led thee forth,
Into self-written exile. Thy faint heart
Pray'd then for that humility — that hope —
Thou didst reject in thy vain hour of strength;
And thou hadst given the torturing pride of years,
That fed upon thy heart, and all its hopes,
For one poor hour of love — for those sweet smiles,
Of her, whose heart looked out from tearful eyes,
Still hoping for thy soon return, yet sad,
As with a mournful presage of thy fate.

That fate, perchance, she shared. She fled with thee,
Blind to thy errors, to thy vices blind,
Flying from all beside, and glad to own,
A dwelling in thy heart — a lone abode,
Where thou couldst love her. Thou didst build her cot,
Beside yon thicket, near yon rippling brook,
And reared the jasmine round her cottage door,
And trained the wild vine o'er it. Thou wast blest,
Deep in the forest, happy in the all,
Rich in the little spoil thou robb'st from man.

And where is she? Thy dwelling-place is lone,
The cot in ruins, and the tangled vine,
A thicket where the yellow serpent glides,
And the green lizard creeps. Where is the bud,
That made thy cottage beautiful — that soothed
The desert to thine eye, and fill'd thy heart

With such abundance of her treasured sweet,
That man's hate grew forgotten in her love ?

She did not perish when she saw thee die,
Else had they made her grave where thou art laid,
And that were merciful. No flower is here
Which she has planted ; and the weeds have grown,
Untended, like thy fortunes, thorny and wild,
Meet emblem of thy fate. Methinks,
If there was nothing sweet to bless thy days, —
If youth had no enjoyment — childhood no friend —
Manhood no home — the love of country nought,
To make a venerated shrine a charm,
More sweet to age than all the joys of youth —
If but affliction clung to thee through all —
It had not been a misplaced charity,
Of her, or the sad seasons, to have left
One flower above thy grave, poor desolate !

“LOVE IN IDLENESS.”

A DARK-EYED flower with leaflets pale,
I found it in a shady vale,
Afar from vulgar gaze it grew,
And I, alone, the pathway knew.

A quiet sky its shelter made,
And gadding vines its home arrayed ;

And near its realm of bower and tree,
Were mansions of the bird and bee.

These, when the summer sun was bright,
Had lays of love, and plumes of light —
And songs were ever in the vale,
And sweetness on the swelling gale.

Yet not for love of these I sought,
The sacred and the shelter'd spot —
I heard no song of bird or bee,
Unless that flow'ret heard with me.

From worldly toils and worldly view,
To seek its home my feet withdrew;
And, day by day, a wanderer still,
I swam the stream and crossed the hill.

It was a worship led me there,
For love is still a thing of prayer —
And thoughts of truth, and hopes of heaven,
Are to its humblest fancies given.

And, in my soul, that dark eyed flower
Possess'd a spell of wondrous power,
Nor, had I pluck'd it from its rest,
Unless to shrine it in my breast.

Nor had I placed it there to gain
A simple healing for my pain,

Unless, with purpose, fond as true,
To make it whole and happy too.

And still I came, but dared not speak ;
My heart was full, my tongue was weak —
I came to worship — to implore,
Yet left her, silent as before.

Yet wand'ring far mid crowds of men,
My spirit was not absent then —
My thought was in that vale—my heart
Found, in its meanest leaf, a part.

And with that worship, as I burn'd,
Back to the flower, my footstep turned —
Still bright and beautiful it grew,
As when at first it met my view.

Then came a power upon my soul
That would not bear nor brook control ;
I bent my knee—I burst the thrall,
My tongue was loosed—I told her all.

And she—heaven bless the maid !—she smiled,
And wept, until my heart grew wild —
Her hand was in my own — her waist,
Within my folding arms embraced —

And then she spoke, and I was blest !
Ah ! wherefore need I tell the rest —

That dark-eyed flower is mine, yet none
Of all that lovely vale is gone.

There still the bird and bee are gay,
With gleesome music all the day,
And if they pause, 'tis but to hear,
A sweeter voice upon the air.

ALBERT AND ROSALIE.

I.

SHE sat beside the lattice and looked forth
Upon the waters. A smooth stream went by,
Playfully murmuring, and along its banks
Making a pleasant music. 'Twas the hour,
When, shooting through the light wave, his canoe
Bore him that loved her, when, in other days,
Her own love, deeply hallowed by its truth,
Was sanctified by hope and trust in heaven—
In heaven and him! 'Twas the hour, and there,
The waters lay in light—the silvery light
Of the sweet moon, that gliding through the trees,
Pour'd down her rich smile on them. A sweet breeze
Came from the opposite shore, and would have borne
The birdlike streamer of his little bark,
And made her sail swell out, as if it felt,

And loved, the love-assigned office. 'Twas the hour,
But still he came not. A sad servitor
That ever watched her heart, and had a look
Of frowning sorrow, and was named despair,
Rebuked her eyes that looked for him in vain,
And bade her hope not. Wherefore looked she then,
Thus ever, and still earnestly, with hope,
That seemed but a sweet sorrow? Who shall tell
If thought was in that fondness? — if the mind
Went with the unconscious eye; and, in that glance
Of wild abstraction, if the expression strong,
Had reason for its guide? It was, alas!
But the sad habit of her form that now
Kept her a watcher. Her fond eyes looked forth,
Unmonitored by mind, from memory! —
She saw not the bright waters — not the moon —
Not the fair prospect! — All was vacancy,
To that unheeding mourner! She had gazed
'Till all grew dark before her! — She had thought,
'Till thought had swoll'n to madness! — She had felt,
'Till feeling, like some fever, ate away
The heart it fed on.

II.

'Twas a cruel tale,
Told by the villagers, of an early love,
And hapless indiscretion: — such a tale,
As erring but fond natures, aptly leave
In every valley where warm spirits dwell,
And sunny maidens. Rosalie was young —

Lovely as young. A childish excellence,
Infantile grace, with archness intermixed,
Play'd in her look, and sparkled in her eye,
Which glow'd with ravishing fires, from a dark orb,
That had a depth like heaven ! A cheek, fair
And delicate as a rose leaf newly blown ;—
A brow like marble — lofty and profuse,
With the rich brown of her o'ergathering hair !—
These were her beauties — nor in these, alone,
Was she held worthy to be sought of love
In frequent worship. The rich, rosy lips,
That played and parted ever with a smile,
Becoming, with mixed dignity and love,—
Had music there a dweller. Many a night,
Her wild song, o'er those waters, silenced them,
And their rough murmurs, to the spell-bound ears
Of her enamored hearers. She would sing,
As if song were an element, and she,
The gay, glad bird, just fitted to extend
Her bright wings o'er its bosom and go forth,—
Bringing rich notes to earth from the high heaven,
To which sweet echoes ever bore them back !
And in her rustic home, and, with the crowd
That came about her ever, 'twas a sway,
Queen-like and undisputed, which she bore,
And which they gave her ;— nor, in this abused,
The power she wielded had its spells in love,
And gentleness, and true thought — never in scorn,
Or any wayward impulse or caprice,
Solicitous to humble or deny :—

The queen of loveliness, she was no less
The queen of modesty and maiden grace,
Unchallenged in each subject's heart, and there,
Having a home or palace, at her will.

III.

What wonder, then, if many lovers came
To woo that maiden? Never maiden yet
Had sway like hers in the secluded vale,
Where stood her dwelling. From afar and near
Came the tall rustics in their Sunday garb
To see and seek her. From the distant hills,
Where fame and fond report had made her known,
They came on mixed pretences. Having seen,
Their feet grew fasten'd, and their amorous hearts
Dissolv'd away to weakness, while they bow'd,
And spoke their several loves, but spoke in vain.
Not proud, nor coy, the maiden yet was choice,
And sought a kindred spirit for her own,
When she should give her heart,—and him she found—
So thought she fondly—for the youth was fair—
A gentle youth, to whom a better sphere,
And an occasional travel in far lands,
Had taught the polish of the citizen,
Subduing the rude manners, and bestowing
The grace of social life—the symmetry
Of movement and expression, while it takes
The sharp, rough edge from language, and refines,
To unobtrusive sweetness, the discourse,
That soothes the ear it never should assail.

He had departed from his native home,
Leaving his father's hills in early youth,
When Rosalie — herself a dweller there —
Was yet a child. Returning, she was then,
A child no longer. With the rest he saw,
And with a better fortune than the rest
He sought her out and wooed her. 'Tis a tale —
A chronicle of sorrow, not of shame,
Sacred in memory, in the heart secure,
And sweetly dear, though sad !

IV.

We linger now, —

We would not hasten in our narrative,
To its sad close. But, on their early loves, —
The hours when they were happy, with no thought,
To promise the thick sorrow that o'ercame,
And tore their hearts asunder — let us pause.
She loved but him of all the valley round,
She saw but him of all the suitors there,
She heard but his discourse, knew but his form,
And had no thought, no feeling for the rest !
The sunset hour still brought him o'er the lake, —
The sunset hour still found her watching there,
Where now we see her. From the opposite shore,
Her eye could note his little, light canoe,
When first emerging from the reedy banks,
It broke the quiet waters into smiles.
She saw him trim his sail, and every change
Of movement she discerned ; and, through her heart,

Seeing, as through a glass, where every hope
Had lent some light, and every love gave power,
She thought the very smile upon his lips
Grew visible to her gaze. Thus, day by day,
For months, in a sweet silence of discourse,
They moved and met each other with their hearts,
Having no other speech. But the time came, —
Too soon, perchance, though slow to youthful hope, —
When love should shape his language. 'Twas an hour,
In early spring — love's season and the flower's,
Season of budding eyes, and blessing hearts! —
Nature was in her sweet virginity,
When they walked forth i' the garden. Lovely buds,
Clustering in leafy cells, gave promise meet
Of untold fruitage — brightly the sun shone,
Yet inoppressive, for his slanting rays,
Came broken thro' the forest. All around,
Young flower and humming insect, bird and breeze,
Partaking of youth's happiest harmonies,
Murmured in gladness to the delicate sense,
That glowed in its fresh feelings. Rosalie,
Hung on her lover's arm, yet undeclared,
His passion for her. The young maiden's heart,
Gushed with its sweet o'erfulness, while the tear
Of an unstudied joy upon her cheek,
Trembled in light, and then exhaled away
In odor, — till he grew a worshipper,
And had no words, save in his eloquent eyes,
Which spoke that language of sublimer love,
Too pure for common syllables, too like

The high devotion of an innocent heart,
Looking through gentle fears, and blessing hopes,
As to its God ! Together they walked on,
'Till the groves thicken'd, and the silent trees,
Closed round them like a dwelling ; with no eye
To peer into that holy home of love,
Scaring its trembling, tried inhabitants !
He spoke — he spoke at last ! He spoke of love,
And the breeze echoed him, and murmured "love ;"
And every flower and leaf had a sweet name,
Love-written, upon them ; and a print of hearts,
United, grew, like flower and leaf together, —
And Rosalie and Albert, thence, were one !

v.

Silent before so long, their prison'd souls
Then gushed in mutual language, and poured forth,
In homage to each other, the fond thoughts,
The dreams by night, the fancies thro' the day,
Which had possessed and purified them long.
Their thoughts were so much music, and they spoke,
In sweetest measures ; — even as the bird just 'scaped
From the close caging of some gentle dame,
Showing its freedom's consciousness in song
Not less than flight. Love was their monitor —
Love their companion — love their pleasant charge.
In Rosalie, it spoke in gentlest sighs,
A broken language, — in a start of song,
Capricious, wild, that suddenly came forth,
Even as a playful bird from out his brake,

As suddenly retiring into shade,
And trembling at its own audacity.
She was a sweet dependant, and her arm
Hung on his own so fondly — and her head
Drooped with her joy, like some dew-laden flower
Upon his bosom ; and he loved the more
For such dependence. Noble and erect,
He clasped her to his heart, and his eye gleamed
With pride and pleasure when surveying hers.
His sweet melodious voice, deep, organ-like,
Went to her heart at every uttered word,
Making his love a power, whose sway, secure,
And conscious of its own security,
Forebore to wrong, and with exaction sweet,
Solicited the boon, as 't were a boon,
When, in her heart, the spelling passion there
Proclaimed it his own right. He was a man,
Among the thousand ! Unassuming, he
Might yet assume, unquestioned. Gentleness,
And a strange strength — a calm, o'erruling strength —
Were mixed within him so, that neither took
Possession from the other — neither rose
In mastery or passion ; but both grew,
Harmoniously together. — In his strength,
The mighty oak had likeness — gentleness,
In him was like the rosy parasite —
The flush spring gives it, wrapping it around,
With sweetest color, and adorning grace.
His soul, refined beyond the rustic world,
Had yet no city vices. He had kept,

Its whiteness unprofaned, and he could lift
His heart to heaven in faith — his eye on man,
Having no fear — his hope to Rosalie,
As to an object of abiding love,
Without one taint of base or sinful thought.

VI.

True joy, still born of heaven, is blessed with wings,
And, tired of earth, it plumes them back again,
And so we lose it. A sad change came o'er
The fortunes of that pair, whose loves have been
Our theme of story — a sad change that oft
Comes o'er love's fortunes in all lands and homes,
Nor spares the humblest. Rosalie was young
In fancy, as in years. Truly she loved,
And yet not wisely. Had her heart replied
To any question of its love for him
To whom she pledged it, she had warmly spoke
Of its devotion — but her fancy, quick,
Roving and playful, was not yet subdued
To that sweet-tempered, fond exclusiveness,
Which shuts out every object from the thought,
Save of that one to whom all thought is given.
The early train of her admirers gone, —
The crowd that flattered her with looks and words,
That gave her homage, and pronounced her praise,
In sweet eulogium, vanished, — she grew sad : —
The praises of her lover were in looks,
And constant, sweet devotion — seldom in words : —

And sometimes, too, he spoke her chidingly,
Though still in truest love. He spoke to her
As one who lived forever in his thought,
A part of him and it — the dearest part,—
But yet he spoke her truly ;— with no burst
Of fraudulent praise that runs away with truth,
And gives habitual error place for sway,
In the deluded bosom. Calm,— serene,—
His thoughts were clear and honest ; and his words,
Still chosen most gently, were not yet disguised
To please the ear of tingling vanity.
Though loving him beyond all other men,
She would have had him, like the rest that came,
A flattering wooer. His substantial worth,
She valued truly ; but, not yet content,
She deemed it might be mingled with those sweets,—
False sweets that lead to sadness !— which were dear
To youthful fancy and a thoughtless heart ;—
And in the wantonness of her sportful mood
Still craving this frail incense, she would turn,
Capriciously away, when most he sought
Her ear and presence ; and, in gayest crowds
Lose the dear hour so rich in love's esteem,
And barter truest pleasures and high worth,
Trifling with feelings which should be secure,
As they are sacred, for the idlest game
That ever butterfly pursued in May.

VII.

Yet did he not reproach her. At the first
He gently prayed that she might live for him,
And know and love him better. Much he strove
To teach her, that, thus bound for life together,
Her study, like his own, should be to make
Her heart familiar with its offices—
Those offices of sweet, domestic love,
Which cannot dream of gay society,
And the insidious flattery of the crowd
Having no fireside duties. Fondly still,
With indirect speech, he told his wishes o'er,
And whispered counsels such as love might hear
And only love could utter. But her ear
Turned from him with a playful, sad caprice,
And she would leave him, or, in mood more wild,
Reply in tones impatient, till at last
The youth grew into sadness as he feared,
When they were wedded, that her love might change
Even into hatred, as he could not bring
His nature to a level with the herd,
Whose flatteries so misled her. He grew sad,
And yet he sought her,—still entreating her,
With his own love which was all earnestness.
For he had been an orphan—few his friends,
And few the ties that bound him. None of strength
Save that sweet one with her. Wonder not, then,
He sorrowed at her sad infirmity;—
The loss of Rosalie was loss of all!

VIII.

One night there was a bridal in the vale,
A rustic bridal. Mirth and pleasant cheer,
Sweet music and gay lights, laughter and glee,
Assembled young and old — all that could make
A dear occasion dearer, mingled then,
And the vale rang with joy. Our lovers came,
And revell'd with the rest. Never before
Had Rosalie look'd brighter : Mid the crowd,
She was beheld of all the crowd alone—
She was the bright star to which every eye
Seemed turned as in devotion — she the light
Of every fancy — the fair queen who swayed
O'er every heart, even then, as in the time,
When all were wooers, and no heart preferred,
Had won hers to a singleness of hope
And bound it with itself. In her sweet song,
They gathered round, and had old memories
Of hours when hope was theirs. They praised her strains,
And watched the eloquent pleasure in her eye
That said their praise was sweet. From song to song
They led her with beguiling flatteries,
And when the dance began, they crowded round,
Contending for her hand.

There was one dance,
Brought from a foreign land — a winning dance,
Whose sweet, voluptuous twinings witch'd the heart,
Into a sad forgetfulness, and wrought
Strange fevers and wild fancies in the blood.
'Twas from a land wheré vice, in many a form,

Had sapp'd society and torn away,
 The pillars of religion ;—where the name
 Of wife is but another name for all
 Of shame and prostitution — where the pride
 Of virtue is unknown — where character
 Is but a thing of barter and stale use,
 And fashion makes a crime necessity.

IX.

“ You will not mingle, dearest Rosalie,
 Among these dancers.”

It was thus he spoke,
 As he beheld some suitors for her hand
 Crowding around, impatient to enwrap
 Her form in the impassioned, wild caress,
 Of that voluptuous motion.

“ And why not ?”

Straight, she replied.

“ Have we not spoke of it,
 Dear Rosalie, already ? Hast thou not
 Joined with me in the thought, that virtuous minds
 Must shrink at contact so familiar,
 With stranger persons ; and regard th' embrace,
 So very free as this, as a sad scorn
 Of all those barriers, idle though they seem,
 Which make the outworks of nice chastity ? —
 Thou wilt not join these dancers ?”

“ But I will !” —

Thus, the capricious damsel, to the youth,
 Who pleadingly besought her, then replied, —

As, turning from him, she bestowed her hand
On one who seized it with triumphant joy,
Having the victory — for he had urged
The cause of that fond movement ; and, to her,
The pledged wife of another, had discussed
The question of that nice propriety,
Which woman must not argue, and yet feel !

“But I will dance it, Albert, as I please,
Or not, if so it please me. And why not ? —
I am not yet a bond-woman methinks,
And such constraint as this, would most beseem
A petty household tyranny, — the rule
Of modern Blue Beard, than the free regard
Of one who seeks for sympathies, not slaves.”

And, with these words, she joined the whirling group,
While Albert turned away and left the hall.

x.

Next morning came a letter to the maid,
And this its language :

“Dearest Rosalie, —
Still dear, though, from this moment, I resign
All claim to call thee so exclusively —
I leave thee. When this scrawl thou read'st, my feet
Shall be beyond these mountains — other climes
Will soon receive me, and on distant waves,
The foreign bark shall bear me, — still from thee.
Farewell — farewell.

“Oh, it had been my thought,
That, from the moment thou didst give thyself

To my fond pleadings, I should cease to be
What I am now — a weary wanderer !

“ That hope is gone forever. Thou hast said
The words which have unlinked our mutual hearts,
They being no longer kindred. Thou hast broken
The flowery twines of love, in thoughtlessness —
Ah ! may it be a sorrow but to one !

“ And I must bear that sorrow. Thou to me,
Wast all — art all ! I may not hope again,
To find thee in another — and I dare not .
Seek for another in thee. Those cruel words —
Why didst thou speak them ! — they have doomed us both
To isolation ; — me, to the worse doom,
Of hopelessness. 'Tis nothing now I live for —
Yet never heart could love thee, as did mine.
And still I love thee — love thee recklessly,
As loving thee in vain. Henceforth I live,
As one denied. I cannot love another —
I would not pray such freedom. I have not
The elastic temper of the froward boy,
To change capricious with the monthly moon,
Nor share the blight with each sweet star that sets.
My mind is too subdued — my character,
Too formed — too fixed. I must be resolute
In love as in all other qualities, —
Having no changing moods — earnest in all,
Unvarying as the needle, and as true,
Though the storms howl — these make my nature now.
Vicissitude has tried me — poverty
Counsell'd, and taught me due stability —

Affliction chastened, — travel, here and there,
'Mong strangers in far lands and realms unknown,
Taught me their several sorrows, and prepared me
To better love the quiet walks of home.

“I have no home. It had been in thy heart,
But thou denied'st it lodgment — better pleased
To make a tenant there of idle moods,
Enjoyments light and worthless, when in mine,
Thou hadst a temple — pure, inviolate,
Sacred to love — sincere — sacred to thee !

“Would thine had been to me but thus devote,
I then had been a hermit. In its cells,
My thoughts and feelings had been saintly forms,
Filling each several niche. Morning and night,
Had found me there a doting worshipper,
And I had hung it round with sweetest store,
The dearest flowers of love — the purest sweets
That follow young enjoyment — and that make,
For twin hearts, of the gloomy caves of earth,
A happy home like heaven.

“Thou hast decreed,
And all these dreams are vanished. I would be
Thy tyrant, Rosalie ! — ah, happy she
Who loves the godlike tyranny of truth.
Thou wouldst not be a bond-woman ! — dear to me,
The sweet bond-service I had pledged to thee.
Thou'dst do or not, as so it pleased thee —
Ah me ! how different from thy thought was mine !
To do thee pleasure — ay, at mine own pain —
Was sure to be my sweetest pleasure still ; —

And to make slaves of my best sympathies,—
Slaves in thy service,—seemed to my poor heart,
Their happiest office.

“ We have differed much —
Too much for love ! If these be thoughts of mine,
And thou dost scorn them, having thoughts unlike,—
We are not fit for each other ! We must part —
And it is wisdom ! When I gave my love,
And pledged my best affections unto thee —
I pledged thee what, next to thy sacred love,
I valued more than all the world beside.
Thou hast not so esteemed my offering —
Thou hast not so esteemed my principles,
Nor yet maintained thine own, as that we should
Keep bound with true respect, and mutual pride :—
'Tis well we part.

“ Yet think not, Rosalie—
The wayward, sad caprice of the last night,
Sole cause of my resolve. I might have sighed
And sorrowed o'er that error, yet forgiven ;—
The sin lies deeper. When thou show'st another,
That difference grows betwixt thy heart and mine,
Thou dost invite a foreign arbitration —
Thou makest our secret heart a public thing,
And to the prying eye, and busy tongue
Of peevish envy, and a tattling scorn,
Thou dost unveil the sacred, vestal fire,
Which the mysterious love designed for us —
For those who love alone !

“ If, in my heart,
Or in my deed, or language, I had done
A wrong to thee or thine — where should'st thou seek
Arbitrament ? — where carry up thy cause,
In fond appeal ? — where clamor for redress ? —
Where, but in my heart ! — in our secret shade,
In sacred moments, when, to love devote,
We met in mutual fondness ! There, had'st thou come,
And said, as late in public thou didst say,
' Thou art my tyrant — thou would'st 'slave me quite,
Make me thy bond-woman, and of sympathies
Too freely given, make degraded slaves !' —
Ah, Rosalie ! had'st thou but thought of this,
I had not now — but let it pass — no more, —
It is all idle now !

“ Once more, farewell ! —
Be happy, and forget me, Rosalie ; —
And should'st thou love another, let my words
Sink in thy memory, so that thou shalt say
Nothing in rashness — so that ye may keep
The troth between ye as a sacred thing,
Beyond the gaze of the herd, beyond its speech,
Beyond its judgment ! — value it beyond
The moment-pleasure always, till thy heart,
Shall grow into a kindred life and thought,
With him, to whom thou yield'st it.

“ And I pray, —
'Twill be no wrong to him, dear Rosalie —
That, in thy happier moments, when with him,
Thou joy'st in life's most dear realities, —

The pleasant fireside, the cheerful friend,
The gladsome child, and the indulgent lord, —
Thou wilt bestow me one sad memory —
One blessing, and forgive me, that, in thus
Tearing myself away from thee and life,
Perchance, I wound thy pride, or touch thy heart,
With unavoidable pain. Forgive me this,
And other errors, as, this dreary night,
When all is sleepless sorrow at my heart,
I do forgive thee, who art cause of all !
Farewell — farewell." And thus the letter clos'd.

XI.

She had no tears — no language. From her lips
There broke no sound of sorrow, but her eye,
As if her sense yet lacked the news it brought,
Did reperuse that fatal messenger,
In doubt and hope. A little while she paused,
And then she sought her chamber, with no word
To those around. She had no strength for speech,
And did not dare, in the uncertain mood
Of her sad spirit, to look up and meet
The curious eyes that watched her. Much they sought,
By various questions and inquisitive glance,
To learn her secret; — for the tale was known —
How soon love's errors and misfortunes grow,
The pastime of the cold and common crowd! —
That Albert had departed from the vale,
In foreign journey. And she turned away —
She sought to be alone with her own heart,
And long and sad their secret conference.

Her heart rebuked itself—her mind rebuked,
And all her feelings, self-retributive,
Reproached her with her error. Long the strife,
They waged within her bosom, till she sank
In prayer, self-humbled—prostrate on the floor,
In true contrition.

“In a heedless hour,”

’Twas thus she murmured—“in a heedless hour,
My erring spirit, with a fond caprice,
Has sported with its happiness too much;—
Father, forgive me—be the punishment,
Forborne in mercy—teach him to forgive,
And, oh, restore him to me. In my grief
I do not heed the shame of such a prayer.
Restore him—teach him also to forgive.”

When she came forth again, her look was changed—
Her heart had been subdued. She had been weak,
She was now strengthened; yet her sorrow grew
From that same strengthening, for the scales were gone
That dimmed her vision, and the full extent
Of her own loss grew clear and palpable!
Her error had been one of wantonness—
The last that love has ever yet forgiven,
True love that worships with a lofty heart
And even mood. She felt that she had erred,
And feared that he—the man of all the world
Whom most she loved—calm, true, and resolute,
Might prove inflexible. No trifier he,
Capricious with fine feelings, and fond ties,—
But stern, unbending in his principles!

His rigid purpose, noble and severe,
Tenacious pride, and changeless character,
Had been her boast, and best security!
It was her joy that no caprice of mood,
No passing influence of the idle time,
No popular show, no clamor from the crowd,
Could move him, erring, from the path of right,
Love's path and hers, — those sacred principles,
Which make all happiness, or it is nought!
How could she hope a change in such a man,
How love him still, if so that he could change,
Even to pity her? Her thought approved,
Though her heart grieved, his rigor and resolve.

XII.

“ Ah, sweet,” cried he,* who, of a thousand sweets,
Has sung most sweetly — “ sweet, when winter frowns
And folds his ice-chain round us — sweet to dream
Of spring's enamoring charms, and gentle reign!
The hopeless heart thus cherishes the form
Of that which was a hope; even as we seal
The ashes of the loved one in an urn,
We keep beside us, 'till we half forget
That it is ashes. Memory thus endows,
Even as a god, the insensate clay with life,
And hallows to the robbed one, in a dream,
The old sweet faith, the perished love, and all,
That made earth worthy to its worshipper!

* Rousseau.

But if hope come not, in alliance close
With that creative genius, 'till we think
The past may be the future — if it be
That memory comes alone ! — no guardian she,
But a stern tyrant, taught in cruel arts,
And sleepless as the agony of guilt."
It was a sweet hope, counselled her to hope
Against conviction.

“ He will come again, —
'Tis but awhile — he cannot long forbear —
He must forgive me, as, so help me heaven,
I had forgiven him even sterner wrongs,
And crueller words, than these.”

He did not come —
That night, the next, the next — and weeks went by,
'Till hope grew sad and sickened in her heart,
And on her face a visible hand was laid,
As of a burning sorrow — sleepless and stern, —
That would not be appeased.

And soon her friends
Beheld the change upon her, and they spoke,
Harshly of Albert : then she chided them,
Most sadly into silence, and forbade
That they should speak again upon her griefs ;
Still was she not ungrateful for the care
That sought to comfort ; and, as day by day,
Her face grew paler and her step more slow,
Her heart became more gentle than its wont,
And with a meekness, dovelike and from heaven,
She won a fresher love from all that knew.

XIII.

And what of him — so sudden and so stern,
So quick of apprehension, so resolved,
So little merciful to his own heart,
So stern a judge of hers — what now of him?
What art may paint his feelings to the sense,
What eye perceive them, as, that fatal night,
He fled the insensate revel ! He felt crushed,
And the devoted feelings of his heart,
So long her homagers, now all recalled,
Came home rebellious from that sweeter realm,
Where they had spent the hours so joyously.
They came to torture, and he fled with them,
Even as a fugitive — he fled from them,
Or strove to fly, but they pursued him close,
And tore him as he fled ! In foreign lands,
He made himself a home — if that may be
A home, which is a prison house and scourge !
He made himself new comrades, day by day,
And fled from each in turn. He still went on,
And sought new dwellings, only to behold
Smiles change to frowns — seeking new friends and
flowers
To find the one grow cold — the other die.
The curse of hopelessness, and a premature blight,
Clung to him in his journey, and the doom
Of desolation was unchanged to him ! —
In crowds, in camps, in cities and in fields,
Where'er he fled, whatever home he sought,
'Twas written still, and Albert was alone.

XIV.

A bloody war waged in a neighbor land,
And the perpetual strife in his own mood,
There led him, as if seeking sympathy
In toil and danger. In the ranks of war
He soon became a leader. Fierce his ire,
Hot his pursuit, impetuous in assault,
Desperate in daring, and in perilous strife,
Fatal his muscular arm. His men grew fond,
And joyed in such a leader. Rash, not bold,
He hourly sought new dangers. Numbers stood
Between him and his aim. He counted not
The deep array, but striking right and left,
He plunged where foes were thickest. Walls arose,
High, steep, and massive — ranging cannon poured
The rattling shot, like hail, upon his path, —
But did not stop him. Soon the walls were gained,
The banner of the foe beneath his foot,
His voice in victory shouting.

Where was death?

The foe he struck could answer, but the chief,
Who sought for the grim enemy in vain,
Went through the strife unharmed. The vain sword
Swept by him edgeless — the directed ball,
Fatal, if sent against another breast,
Swerved harmlessly from his — his doom was still,
To live, though thousands perished — but alone!
And she! — the news was brought her that he fought,
The battles of the Texians. That he stood
Upon the Alamo's walls, when the fierce tribes
Of Mexico, in numbers overspread

And crowded down the defenders — it was said,
That, striking to the last, each stroke a death,
The gallant chief was slain by many hands,
O'erpower'd, not conquered ; — and the tale was told
By one most thoughtless, in a sudden tone,
That went even like an ice-bolt to her heart,
And froze its hope forever. From that hour,
The last sad change, foretelling all the rest,
Came o'er the maiden. Much they strove to cheer,
Or chide her prisoner-mood, but all in vain —
They led her to the revel, with fond hope,
By change to cheer her ; but she sicken'd there ! —
The idle song of love, which fill'd her ears,
Was then a sadness ! It reminded her
Of those she once had sung, when he was by
A listener in the moonlight. From the dance
She shrank away in horror ! — What a throng
Of images most fearful came with it !
New suitors sought her, but they left her soon,
As hopeless as herself ! Nothing could change
The spirit of that mourner — nothing move
Her sorrow from its deep devotedness ! —
Life's harmonies had gone — its strings that once,
Beneath hope's finger, did discourse so long,
And such sweet music, gave but discord forth, —
Despair, not hope, the stern musician now !

xv.

A little longer, and our strain is done —
The story of love's sorrow is soon told,

A word will tell it always. Rosalie, —
'Twas but a few days when we saw her last,
There, sitting by her lattice, looking forth
Upon these waters. See the lattice now ; —
How vacant, and how cheerless it appears.
We seek her elsewhere. But a week ago,
She sat, where last we saw her. It was night,
A soft and mellow evening, calm and clear —
A thousand beautiful forms were in the sky,
Light forms of fleece, that hung around the moon,
Like robes of regal splendor — a sweet breath
Of perfume filled the air, and pleasant sounds,
Of winds and waters meeting, rose aloft,
In harmony to the spirit.

“ The guitar ” —
Feebly, to one who tended her, she spoke,
“ Bring it, I pray thee : ” —

And the damsel brought
The well known instrument, so cherished once
When he was by, and yet untouched so long.
She played a soft, prelude, pensive air,
And then the notes grew wanton. Fitfully,
Shadows of ancient melodies arose,
And vanished from the strings ; until her hand,
Seemed resting only on the instrument,
Which sounded with the beatings of her pulse,
Unprompted by her will ; — but, suddenly,
Her mood grew firm, and, most commandingly,
A bold and ranging melody she framed,
With nicest variations ; and, awhile,
The strain was like the first flight of a bird,

Waking at morning with rejoicing wing,
And soaring, soaring upward, e'en to heav'n.
Then, as the high tones of the instrument,
Grew softened as by distance, with her voice
She coupled sweetest thoughts, most gently framed
By suited language. Mournfully she sang
A ditty of the saddest circumstance,
Of fortune long denied, and tenderest love,
That should have been, like some well treasured flower,
Worn in the genial bosom, left to pale
Its leaves in hopeless blight; and, at the close,
Fondly and gently, thus she spoke of him!

“ Yet, will I not reproach thee, though thou hast
Dealt most unkindly, Albert. 'Twas a fault,
A most unmaidenly fault—that word of mine,
Yet might have been forgiven—should have been
Chidden, and then forgotten. 'Twas a child,
That spoke with little thought—thou should'st have
known

My heart was with thee.

“ But, 'tis over now; —
Thou wilt forgive me when I am no more,
And, as thy nature is all gentleness,
Even when thy word is sternest, well I know
Thou wilt reproach thyself, that thou hast been
So rigid with me.”

A faint cry below,
Broke in upon her speech—a cry of wo—
And, in another moment, through the leaves,
Came darting a strange form—yet not so strange,

When the next glance surveyed him. It was he—
'Twas Albert — and he came all penitent,
And sorrowing for his sternness. In his arms,
She sank most fondly, and yet speechlessly.

“Forgive me, dearest Rosalie — I come—
Too long forgetful of thy worth and claims,
I come to thee at last — forgive me all —
I was too rash — too cruel, — thou hast been
The sufferer at my hands, and I have wronged thee
Beyond atonement, — yet, I pray thee smile :
Look up and say — look up, my well beloved,
And bless me with thy smile — and, with thy words,
Say thou forgivest me.”

The dim eyes unclosed,
The bosom heaved in sighs — a bright smile spread,
From the sweet lips, and from the kindling eye,
Over her pallid face, and then it passed,
Even like some soft and rosy cloud at eve,
Suddenly, from the sight.

“I am forgiven! —
That eye has said it — from those lips it came,
Even though they spoke not, — and this heaving breast,
Sent me its pardon in that gentle sigh.
Yet, speak to me, beloved, — speak to me! —
What means this silence? — speak to me — but once!
Come hither, girl! — some water, quickly bring —
Or she will die in my arms! — God! — she is dead,
And I have slain her!”

Truly, had he said;
The parted breath that would have spoke in mercy,

Had made its way to Heaven. He was alone —
The destiny of Albert was not done —
And forth he fled — and still he fled, alone.

THE WIDOW OF THE CHIEF.

I.

'Twas in the hidden depth of Indian vales,
A wall of woods and waters swelling round,
Where seldom came the strong and stormy gales,
Or with maimed force and mitigated sound,
The tumult of many an age arose,
Where long forgotten nations found repose.

II.

The broken earth, the freshly gathered clay,
Told of a recent burial, while above,
Moaning in accents wild, a woman lay,
With look that spoke of a dissever'd love !
And singing mournfully a lingering strain,
Of mingling shame and glory — pride and pain.

III.

'Twas in that language which the Indian deems
Sole in his fabled heaven, that soars behind

The western waters — there, where swamps and streams
Shall neither stay the chase, nor taint the wind —
Where life shall be all morning — where fatigue
Shall never clog the form, tho' wandering many a league.

IV.

Its tones were soft and delicate — they stole
Like the faint murmur on the Oconé* wave,
When first the morning meets it — the warm soul
Of a strong feeling, mingling with it, gave
A deep and melancholy strain, which told
How all that love once lived for had grown cold.

V.

The chief she wail'd had led the tribe to war,
And won his hundred battles. He had stood,
Unvanquish'd, bleeding at full many a scar,
Marking his path through the dread field in blood;
Nor, though the bravest at his side lay slain,
Until the foe was vanquish'd left the plain.

VI.

Yet he who to his foe had never shown
His back in battle, in his highest pride,
By traitor weapons, in the dark struck down,
May well bring lamentations to his bride —
And mingle with the memory of a chief
So well beloved and worthy, many a grief.

* Oconé, or Oconyee, a small river in the state of Georgia.

VII.

A deeper sorrow yet — a sterner fate
Hangs o'er the mourner : she who lov'd the brave,
Whose death hath left her lone and desolate,
Must, with her people, fly the warrior's grave —
Must yield the mournful solace, to behold,
And deck the mound where sleep the true and bold.

VIII.

And sung she mournfully — “ The invader pale
Shall seize our homes, and by the swelling brink
Of the broad waters, and on hill and vale,
Build up his dwellings, till the deer shall shrink
Stealthily back, into his forests deep,
Nor from the cover of the thick swamp sleep.

IX.

“ And they will rob the woods of all that make
Them lovely to the Indian. They will bring
Forbidden sounds into the silent brake,
And banish thence the birds, and blight the spring,
Nor spare the warrior's bones, nor leave the bloom
And beauty to the flow'rs that hang above his tomb.

X.

“ Yet, 'tis not this,” in wilder mood she sung,
“ Not that they take the silence from the woods,
And chase the bird away, and chide his tongue,
And turn to other paths the gentle floods,

Making the mill course, — while the red deer shrink,
And tremble, in the troubled waves to drink —

XI.

“ But that the Indian with the sun must glide,
No more a chief of the woods, no longer free,
And leave the vales and waters, once his pride,
The home endeared by a long infancy,
The woods he roved for ages, and the graves
Where lie the sacred bones of all his braves.

XII.

“ In vain their troubled shades would seek to find,
When the pale white man shall our land o'erspread,
The scenes — the fields — the homes that may remind
And tell them of the glories of the dead.
The tall pine shall be torn away from earth,
As if it never had in the deep valley birth.

XIII.

“ A people will succeed who shall not know
The race they robb'd of home and heritage —
And they shall boast, perchance, when we are low,
Of homes descended through full many an age
To them unbroken: — who shall ask the lot
Of the great nation vanish'd and forgot ?”

THE END.

